

A
JOURNAL

OF AN
EXCURSION

ROUND THE
SOUTH-EASTERN COAST
OF
ENGLAND.

BY
BAKER PETER SMITH.

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PREFACE.

THE reader of the following pages will observe, that while the Author has given merely a brief account of those places which are commonly known, and whose topography is perhaps set forth in numerous publications; he has, on the other hand, amply described such places as are not usually noticed by travellers, but which he, during a pedestrian excursion, had leisure to observe.

The author has occasionally availed himself of the information afforded by

other writers, where he has attempted to excite local interest, by the relation of those important events, whose occurrence history records ; or, where he has solicited the reader's attention to places, rendered famous or interesting, by the mention made of them in writings of celebrity.

Topographical descriptions and historical reminiscences have led to observations and reflections, in which the author has occasionally indulged himself in a manner which, to some readers, may be tedious ; but, while he would fain have expunged any thing not likely to give general satisfaction, he has trusted to the courteous reception of much matter, contained in his Journal, which would appear, with an ill grace, in a more elaborate work.

To some, the introduction of historical remarks and of moral or religious reflec-

tions, may appear redundant, in a Journal of an EXCURSIVE RAMBLE; but the Author intended and professed to describe, illustrate, and reflect: and, surely, that Englishman is an object of commiseration, whose feelings are not excited by a reminiscence of the Norman invasion, as he explores the vicinity of Pevensey; or, whose piety does not glow, with grateful ardour, as he traverses the shore of Hope Bay, and beholds the ruins of Richborough Castle, where the Christian mission, headed by the venerable Saint Augustine, landed, and was graciously received by the guileless Ethelbert.

The Author has aimed at entertaining the reader, by the nature of his composition rather than by its extent; and, while he indulges but a moderate expectation that his work will enlighten or instruct

any class of readers, he hopes it will afford amusement to the majority, and trusts that it will give offence to none. He now begs permission to acknowledge the liberality which his Subscribers have manifested; their names are honourable and respectable, and highly gratifying to the Author's feelings; and form a list which, while he cannot choose but be pleased in appending it, far outweighs the merit, if any, of the work.

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JOURNAL,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

HÓR. CARM. II. 10.

Apollo too sometimes unstrings his bow.

ANON.

ON the 1st of September, in an autumn not long past, I left London, my native place, intending (like glorious Apollo) to enjoy relaxation from the cares of business. It was far from my desire to seek delight in that pursuit, for the commencement of which this day is famous. To hunt down and destroy the timid hare or the flying partridge, was a sport which had no charms for me, at any time. I proposed to myself pleasure, without causing pain. I sought

innocent recreation, and a temporary freedom from the solitudes necessarily incidental to my vocation; but, I determined not to slumber away my time in torpid ease, and not to expend much money in enervating luxury.

My plan was to go by water to the Isle of Thanet; to walk thence to Brighton, along the interstitial parts of the Kentish and Sussex coasts; and to return to London by the stage coach. Having determined to commence my route by an aquatic trip, and being fully bent on seeing all that could be seen, I purchased a telescope in the Borough of Southwark, and embarked on board the Royal Sovereign steam vessel, in an ordinary summer dress. My telescope and journal filled one coat pocket, and some light articles of apparel and conveniences for my toilet, stuffed out the other. Nevertheless, if history be true, Cassibelaunus did not, in his day, cut so genteel a figure.

When Ostorius Scapula was commanding the Roman forces in England, London

was made a trading colony, and that part of Britain lying between the Thames and the sea, was reduced into the form of a province, and called *Britannia Prima*.

This also appears to have comprised the Kingdom of Kent, the first that was founded by the Saxons; which, being neither large nor very considerable, made no figure in the Heptarchy, save during the reigns of Hengist and Ethelbert, the first and the fifth kings, whose respective reigns were from the year of our Lord 455 to 488, and from 568 to 616. The Heptarchate of Kent was very advantageously situated, having the sea on the south and east, the Thames on the north, and the little kingdom of Sussex on the west. As long as this last subsisted, it served as a bulwark to the kings of Kent, against the ambition of the kings of Wessex. But after it was subdued by the West Saxons, the kingdom of Kent was in continual danger of falling under the dominion of these powerful neighbours. The truth is, the jealousy between the kings of Wessex and Mercia,

and the equality of their forces, were the only causes which long prevented this little kingdom from becoming a prey to one or other of them.

It was not above 60 miles in length and 30 in breadth. The chief towns were Durovernum or Canterbury, the capital, Dorobernica or Dover, Rochester, and some others not so large indeed, but considerable however for their situation and harbours, as Sandwich, Deal, Folkstone, Reculver, &c.

The above description of Kent I have drawn from the History of M. Rapin de Thoyras, whom I freely quote in the sequel; and having *read that gentleman's history*, as well as some other histories, of my native country, I cannot refrain from embracing this opportunity of recommending Rapin's History of England to the perusal of those who can find time to read it, in preference to any other. He is a learned and impartial writer, his style is generous and pure: while his remarks and observations are qualified to establish the young

reader in pious principles. It should seem, from the above, that the eastern part of the county of Sussex formed the southern part of the Heptarchate of Kent.

I chose for my excursion, the circumnavigation of this venerable country.

The votaries of pleasure, who seek for novelty in rare delights, and for change in their long diversified recreations, may not readily comprehend the comparative satisfaction of a mind liberated from long accustomed daily engagements. To the laborious, cessation from toil is pleasure, and any agreeable novelty is to them delightful. I was moreover felicitated by the company of an intelligent and accomplished friend, who was going to join his family *in the Isle* of Thanet.

CHAPTER II.

Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time ;
 Lo Depeford, and it is half way prime ;
 Lo Grenewich, ther many a shrew is inne :
 It were all time thy tale to beginne.

GEOF. CHAUCER. *The Reve's Prologue* 3. 903.

ABOUT four miles from London, you reach Deptford, well known for its royal Dockyard, and Victualling-office. It was here that, in 1580, Queen Elizabeth condescended to honour the gallant Sir Francis Drake with her company to dinner. Her majesty dined with him on board the ship, wherein that gallant officer had circumnavigated the globe, from which expedition he had lately returned. Sir Francis had also navigated in America, upon the North and South Seas, and amassed a considerable quantity of gold and silver, taken from the Spaniards. At his return, which was in November, the Queen knighted him, and was pleased to dine in the ship which had

made so great a voyage. After that, she ordered her to be drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, and certain inscriptions to be set up in commemoration of this successful enterprise. Sir Francis sailed from Plymouth the 13th of December, 1577, and returned to the same port, November 3rd, 1580. When the ship was hauled up in Deptford creek, the same day, some Winchester scholars set up some verses on the main-mast, in praise of Drake. Two of the verses were as follow :

Plus ultra Herculeis inscribas, Drace, Columnis,
Et magno, dicas, Hercule major ero.

In this part of the river several old hulks of ships lay, in which convicts are confined, and whence they go to work at the docks. This is a painful sight to one who sympathizes in the sufferings of others. But we may, from contemplating this scene, derive or cherish one pleasant feeling; nay, it should seem difficult to avoid being thankful, either for not having been led into the temptations by which those poor creatures

have been overcome, or for having been enabled to resist them.

Greenwich Hospital, which is near Deptford, is next seen. This magnificent edifice is occupied by wounded and decayed sailors. There is also here an asylum for sailors' widows, and a school for their children. In the hall is a collection of paintings of sea-fights, and naval heroes. I remember having seen there a painting of a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada, with the instruments of torture suspended from her stern. The ceiling of the hall is most elegantly painted; and the skill which has been displayed in the work cannot fail to excite admiration. The representation of a boat, appears, accordingly as it is viewed from different parts of the hall, to be on its keel, or capsized, or on its side. The painting of a face, also, which personifies Winter, appears to equally regard you, from whatever part of the hall you view it. This face is stated to be the likeness of the first pensioner. There is also on the wall, on the left, as you enter,

a painting of a door, which deceives most people—and also deceived the author, who took a key to unlock it; whereupon the old pensioner, my cicerone, enjoyed his usual triumph and a hearty laugh.

Sir William Thornhill was engaged fifteen years in painting the ceiling, and lay on his back during the performance of this operose undertaking.

The chapel is elegant and unique; and should be seen by those who visit this place.

Beyond the hospital is seen the famous astronomical observatory, which stands on an eminence (in the park), called Flamsteed Hill, so called from Flamsteed, the astronomer royal, who superintended its erection. This is the spot from which the English calculate the degrees of eastern and western longitude.

At Greenwich, ships are seen sailing contrary ways, whose course up or down the river is the same; which is caused by the river winding round three sides of a large space of land close to Greenwich.

Woolwich appears next,—a great depôt of military stores. The warren is close to the river. Here is also a large Dock-yard. On the high ground, near the common, are excellent barracks for artillery. Here is a building containing various curiosities and works of art, principally connected with military affairs. Models of the fort of Gibraltar and other places are there. The author on one occasion, was shown the car on which Napoleon's remains were carried to their long home, in the dreary Island of Saint Helena. *Requiescat in pace !*

You now begin to get out of sight of London, and have no houses on either side of the river. After proceeding a few miles, the eye is attracted by Erith, a pretty little village, rendered perhaps more grateful to the sight, by the absence of surrounding ornament. It has the appearance of antiquity, and the church is a pleasing object.

The next place of importance which you reach is Gravesend, where the river is a mile in width. Here the danger of a sea voyage

being supposed to commence and terminate, the Underwriters' responsibility does not commence, for outward bound vessels, till they near this town, and it ceases, shortly after homeward bound vessels have passed Gravesend, in their passage to the port of London.—The precise spot is, I believe, signified by landmarks on the London side of the place. At Gravesend there are several bathing machines; and at high water, a salt water bath may be enjoyed. The shore, which is chalk or rock, and was rough, has been cut smooth, with much labour, at the bathing place. There are hot baths close by, and the building forms a pretty object from the river. There is a tasteful garden for loungers attached to the baths.

All the places above named are in Kent. Behind Gravesend is a hill whereon a wind-mill stands; from the steps of which I have in my younger days seen the dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral, when looking to the west; and, when looking eastwards, I have descried the topmasts of line-of-battle ships

lying at the Nore. The view is generally extensive over Kent and Essex; but the most interesting part is the vicinity of Tilbury Fort.

CHAPTER III.

Gode is to eschewe warre ; and nathêles
 A King may makin werre upon his right,
 For of Bataile the final ende is pese,
 Thus stant the lawè that a worthy Knight
 Upon his trouth may goin to the fight,
 But if so werè that he mightin chese
 Better is pece, of which may no man lese.

So many a man the soth wete and know
 That pece is gode for every Kinge to have,
 Thè fortune of the werre is er unknowe,
 But where pece is ther is the marchis save,
 That now is up to morrow' is undir grave,
 The myghtye God yhath al grace in hande,
 Withoutin him men may not longè stande.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER—*certain balades, &c.*

Lines 64 to 70 & 288 to 294.

TILBURY FORT in itself is doubtless an efficient guard to the upper part of the river.

The surrounding country will be viewed from the last mentioned eminence, by that English Protestant who knows the history of his country, with a grateful heart for the past, and confidence for time to come, in a benign Providence. It was in the plains

of Essex, near Tilbury Fort, in the year 1588, that Elizabeth reviewed her army of 40,000 men; whereof 3,000 were sent near the Thames' mouth, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, when the Spanish Armada was expected to overwhelm our shores with a mighty force. This illustrious Queen was resolved to hazard a battle, if she could not hinder the Spaniards from landing.

Rapin observes of her majesty Queen Elizabeth—"If ever she discovered ability, it was on this important occasion. Far from showing the least faint-heartedness, she encouraged her people by her looks, her resolution, her affability, which made them think she was troubled only for their sakes; and, on her own account, regardless of the danger. Meanwhile, she looked to every thing with a wonderful prudence, and a presence of mind rarely to be found in the greatest men, and which gained her the admiration and praises of all the world."

It was then that the brave High Admi-

ral, Lord Charles Howard, expert in sea affairs, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher for Vice Admirals, three of the best sea officers then in the world, courageously awaited the approach of this "Invincible Armada," the foe of England, and the voluntary jackal of victims to the roaring monsters of superstition and cruelty. Henry Seymour lay on the Coast of Flanders, with forty sail of English and Dutch, to hinder the Prince of Parma from joining the Spanish fleet.

Oh, Britain! forget not thy brave friends in need, the Dutch!

"Besides this," (continues the above quoted author), "there was in each county a body of militia well armed, under leaders who had orders to join one another as occasion should require. It is certain there are no trained bands in the world more proper for a bold action than those of England. So in case the Spaniards had landed they would have met with a warm reception. The sea ports were fortified as much as the time would permit, and signals were

every where appointed to show the places where the troops were to march. In short, it was resolved, that if the Spaniards made a descent, the country about them should be laid waste, that they might have nothing to subsist upon but what they brought from the fleet. This was the course taken by Francis the First, in Provence, against Charles the Fifth, with a success that answered his expectations. These measures being taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity: though it should seem that, on such an occasion, every one should have been in the utmost consternation."

But while Britannia's undaunted sons were thus energetically preparing for the pious struggle of religious Freedom with bigoted intolerance, Providence was pleased to confound the Spaniards by tempest, as well as to crown our naval efforts with victory; for this "Invincible Armada," after having encountered a storm, was defeated and put to flight: and, having experienced great losses and troubles, the Spanish Admiral reached home with 60 vessels out of

150, and those 60 were in a shattered state.

There is a peculiar interest excited by contemplating this epoch. This was an unprovoked attack upon an industrious and quiet nation, who exercised their reason and acted agreeably to the dictates of their conscience. Any nation, attacked in its own land, by an oppressive neighbour, coming with instruments of torture, to enforce conviction of what they adjudge to be error, by inflicting bodily pain, rather than by an appeal to the reason, would want the good wishes of the worthy amongst men.

Have all our wars been as just as this defence? Methinks I hear a two-fold cry to Heaven, from the eastern and western Indies; from the Isles of Colon, and from Hindostan. Here tribes are driven from their native land by mercenary invaders; there, men, women, and children, torn from their native shores, are for ever separated in this sad life, and made to bear a clanking iron chain, and work, under pe-

nalty of a resounding cart whip. Methinks
I see Britannia hang her head and blush !
Alas ! all are not true Britons that are of
Britain ; for undaunted valour and a gene-
rous heart should equally claim kindred
with Britannia's noble sons.

CHAPTER IV.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
 Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
 Rugis, et instanti senectæ
 Adferet, indomitæque morti.

HOR. CARM. II. 14.

They're fled, dear Postumus ! Our years of old
 Are all pass'd by us, like a tale that's told !
 Not youthful piety, nor age can stay
 The stern decree of Death a single day !

ANON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the aid of a newspaper, my friend and I found politics not sufficiently interesting to divert our conversation from moral subjects, at such intervals of leisure as were left to us, by the occasional absence of external objects to excite our attention. The vessels and boats on the river, and the views on the opposite shores, together with the vessel we were in, and the company around us, formed, in the early part of the day, exclusive matter of remark ; but our eyes grew weary by con

tinual surveys of distant objects, and a surrounding but unchanging crowd of persons ceased to attract. In some parts of the river there are distances of several consecutive miles, where no town or building, or even trees adorn its banks, within whose limits, at low water, the prospect is oftentimes confined ; and, with the exception of this dull unvarying prospect, the voyager may say,

Quocunque aspicias nihil est nisi pontus et aër.

Whithersoever you direct your eye,
There's nothing to be seen but sea and sky.

ANON.

During these interstices of prospect, while our eyes were wandering over unremarkable vacuity, we employed our minds in entertaining conversation. As I was on my way to Ramsgate, where I had been partly educated, my thoughts occasionally recurred to days of “auld lang syne,” when twenty or thirty boys were assembled in a sailing packet, either on their way home, or returning to school. Then the voyage

was very different in many respects; for steam vessels were not seen or heard of in those days: and we seldom performed our voyage in less than twenty-four hours. Well I remember the merry nights I have spent on board the Lord Hawkesbury. The worthy captain, his steward, and the crew, when at leisure, had always a tale to tell, or a song to sing; while the young hearers would, with much consequence, (and with equal difficulty, if haply they were returning home from school,) muster the needful amount for some bottled porter.

It was customary for each of the first comers on board to secure a berth for the night, by laying some article of property in it. A benevolent looking elderly person, on one occasion, brought on board a large tin dish, containing an immense plum pudding, and laid it in a berth. "Fast bind, safe find," said the old gentleman; and, declaring that he had secured both bed and supper, ascended on deck, with looks indicating much satisfaction. The evening

arrived, and they cast anchor. The boys supped, and got into their berths. All anxiously waited for the old man to come to his supper. At last the wished for moment arrived, and then a slice was cut ; when up started a little red face in a white night-cap, with “ Give me a bit.” He had it. Another slice was cut, succeeded by a similar appeal, which likewise proved successful ; and the old gentleman sliced, and the boys ate, till at last it was all cut up and given away, without the old man having enjoyed any himself. This the boys thought fine fun. But our kind old friend would not be laughed at. He declared that, seeing a number of lads on board, who he was informed were going to school, and many of whom appeared rather dolorous, he had made his way to the nearest cook shop, and bought this great pudding, that he might serve, to every one that would have it, a slice or two at night.—To relate this may appear trifling ; but, under the impression it made on my youthful mind, to me it is pleasant : and, if I knew

the individual, I would here record the name and residence of this "Good old English gentleman of olden time."

Great sociability used to prevail in these packets, and the night was spent in the long-continued gossip of the aged: while the younger partsang with light hearts and loud voices; and the fellow who had the audacity to slumber, was speedily awakened by some puerile prank, if he was not aroused by the resounding chorus.

I contemplated, with pleasure, revisiting the haunts of my younger days; and was eager to stroll to the half holiday walks, and to have a peep at the old cricket-ground.

My friend and I talked over our earlier days that were past, and built "castles in the air," for future habitation. We commented on the usual results of industry and frugality; and came to the happy conclusion that, although many were the mishaps in human life, yet, unwearied perseverance and earnest diligence in the honourable pursuit of a legitimate calling,

do generally terminate in the felicitous attainment of an ample recompence. We did not foresee the evil days which were coming, when, by the vast influx of numbers into all professions and employments, an increase of competition would create difficulties theretofore, in our short career, inexperienced ; or that, by the great revolutionary measures which have been since effected, many, who then enjoyed liberal means, would be comparatively pauperized.

Nevertheless, whatever may be our allotted stations and circumstances, our wisdom will be best manifested by contentment, and by a constant endeavour to keep pace with the march of the times, by doing our duty in that state to which we are called, meeting, with manful hearts, the conflicts of life, till “ Death sound the retreat.”

CHAPTER V.

At nunc horrentia Martis
Arma, virumque cano.

VIRG. ÆN. I. 4.

Of fearful Trump, the Dutchman, now I sing.

ANON.

WE were now approaching the mouth of the majestic Thames, and were passing along that part of the river to which the victorious Martin Van Trump, the Dutch Admiral, is said, by some writers, to have made his way, when chasing our flying naval forces, in 1652. Rapin does not say what I remember to have read in another history, that the gallant Dutchman made us take refuge in the port of London; but that this exploit was performed in the channel. I cannot help remarking that the Dutch might well have said Van Martin was a "Trump." Was he not?

It was then that our nation and the

British flag were dishonoured, by our naval forces being driven before a victorious enemy, who, to designate the completeness of his triumph, fixed a broom to his mast head, as though he would sweep our vessels before him.

But now how changed the scene ! the Dutch are Trump-less, and Britannia puts forth her Brougham.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORE.

Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves ;
For Britons never, never shall be slaves.

OUR steam vessel now reaching the conflux of the rivers Thames and Medway, a wide view presented itself. This part is called the Nore ; and here, as well as up the Medway, were several line-of-battle ships floating proudly on the water, with their waving pennants. So here we surveyed, in our course, a portion of the “ wooden walls of Old England.”

The Fort of Sheerness is now in view. It is the north-western point of the Isle of Sheppy.

At the Nore the dreadful mutiny took place in the reign of his late Majesty George the 3d.

Up the Medway lies Rochester, the most

antient Bishopric in England. This antient town gave title to an earl. I have before stated that Rochester was one of the principal towns in the heptarchate of Kent.

Between the Isle of Sheppy and the Kentish shore, flows the Swale. The reader of English history will feel a lively interest as he passes in sight of that water, from the reminiscence of Saint Augustine having in one day baptized in the Swale 10,000 English, who had renounced idolatry, and embraced the Christian religion, at the instance of his preaching, in the reign of the illustrious Ethelbert.

The Isle of Sheppy is about 10 miles from east to west, and about 6 miles from north to south.

After some further progress on our voyage we passed Reculver: consisting now of two spires or towers, the only remains of a building supposed to have been devoted to religion, as human bones have been exhumated near it.—This place is now a mere land-mark to the mariner, or

a picturesque object to the voyager, and many a tale is told concerning it.

Reculver was one of the harbours of the Heptarchate of Kent, and at length became the seat of royalty; for, on many heathen temples being dedicated to the Christian religion, and on Canterbury Cathedral being built, and the Monastery of Saint Augustine at Canterbury being begun, and the great work of the conversion of the English from idolatry to Christianity going on with rapidity, the generous Ethelbert, Heptarchist of Kent (a king by title, and a king indeed), moved his court from the city of Canterbury, which was the capital of the Heptarchate, and left that place very much to Saint Augustine and the Italian monks. Ethelbert thenceforth held his court at Reculver. He who contemplates those towers and the present surrounding vacuity, and pictures to himself the court of a flourishing prince (who was, in the latter part of his reign, chosen to be the head of the Heptarchy), the centre of nobility, the palace, the camp,

and the royal retinue ; cannot choose but sigh over the mutability of human events in this transitory state, and mark with thoughtful sadness, how cities “rise and fall, flourish and decay.”

CHAPTER VII.

ISLE OF THANET.

And Tenet, standing forth, to the Rhutupian shore,
 By mightie Albion plac't till his returne againe
 From Gaule ; where, after, he by Hercules was slaine.
 For earth-borne Albion then great Neptune's eldest
 sonne,

Ambitious of the fame by sterne Alcides wonne,
 Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard fight,
 Twelve labors which before accomlisht by his might ;
 His daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)
 Which Doris, Thetis Nymph, unto the gyant bare :
 With whom those Isles he left ; and will'd her for his sake,
 That in their Grandsire's court shee much of them would
 make :

But Tenet, th' eldst of three, when Albion was to goe,
 Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him so,
 There at the giant raught ; which was perceiv'd by
 chance :

This loving Ile would else have followed him to France ;
 To make the channel wide that then he forced was,
 Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to passe.

DRAYTON'S POLY-OLBION, 18th Song.

AFTER a short and pleasant passage, we
 arrived at Margate, whence my friend
 proceeded to Ramsgate without delay.

Concerning Margate and Ramsgate, and the other places of common resort in the island, it would be comparatively useless to say any thing. I shall therefore content myself with an enumeration of the usual places of resort, and the relation of a few particulars.

Immediately after passing Reculver a narrow creek is seen. This is one of the mouths of the Stour, which branching off into two directions till it enters the sea, makes Thanet an Island.

The next place is Margate. Here is a substantial stone pier, whereon people land from the steamers. It forms one side of the harbour. Here are sands, and good bathing. The bathing place is inside the harbour; and the machines, which have tilts, are drawn in and out of the sea by horses, as is usual where the shore is not steep. Here are first-rate hotels, libraries, baths, &c.

Passing round the coast, you arrive at a romantic spot called Kingsgate, which is adorned with one or two gentlemen's seats.

This place is remarkable for some mounds of earth, which a neighbouring monument records to have been the burial place of many slaughtered Danes.

Broadstairs, which is a genteel and retired watering place, and much resorted to by the opulent and tasteful, is the next place on the coast. It has a small wooden pier, and a choice sandy shore, with bathing machines. Here is also a library.

Within land is a pretty village called Saint Peter's. The Church is antient, and forms a pleasing object to the perambulators of the circumjacent country, which abounds with rural walks.

Ramsgate is the next place, coastwise, and is famous for its piers, which are built of stone, and extend more than half a mile into the sea. At the end of one of them is a light-house, as ornamental as it is useful. A cross wall or pier forms an inner basin; there is also a dry dock, large enough for ships of considerable burthen. I remember, about the year 1810, to have seen a frigate in the dock, undergoing

repair. But mariners say, that though the harbour is excellent, affording shelter in severe gales to three or four hundred vessels of various burthen, they sometimes experience great difficulty in entering it. The Trinity Corporation have for many years continued their operations upon the piers, and I never remember to have walked on them in the usual hours of labour, Sundays excepted, without seeing masons at work.

There is a great extent of sand from Margate, round the coast to Ramsgate, and the shore is bounded by high chalky cliffs. Between Ramsgate and Broadstairs, it is not uncommon to see ladies and gentlemen taking exercise on horseback, on these sands, which, for the most part are smooth and firm.

The bathing here, which is without the pier, is good: but there is danger attached to it, by reason of the shore being rather exposed, which frequently makes it rough; while the neighbouring pier causes an eddy, which has carried out many an un-

wary swimmer to a watery grave. In the autumn of the year 1830, a person was drowned in bathing; the swell having lifted him off his feet; and he, being an inexperienced swimmer, or altogether unable to swim, quickly sank. The life-boat was let down from the pier; but there was some delay in doing it; and, just as it reached the poor man, he went down. This was within forty yards of the shore, in water perhaps but eight or ten feet deep, and at about ten in the forenoon. I arrived at the spot a few minutes after this melancholy occurrence. The excited sympathy and distress of an immense concourse of ladies and gentlemen, together with my own feelings, who had just come, intending to enjoy a swim, were quite overwhelming. I never went into the water there again.

Half an hour after this sad catastrophe, the body, which came near the shore, was recovered from the water, and conveyed to the bathing rooms, and put into a warm bath; but, notwithstanding the united exertions of several medical men to excite

animation, it was too late. The individual who was drowned was a solicitor, who practised in London. He appeared to be between 25 and 30 years of age.

The machines here and at Broadstairs, are like those at Margate.

Here I enjoyed for awhile the intelligent conversation and lively company of my friend and his family, who treated me with kindness and hospitality. Amongst other subjects of familiar intercourse, we talked over the changes in the place, within our own recollection; and particularly in the character and circumstances of the gentleman at whose school I had been placed.

He was a fatherly and amiable man, and mindful of his duties. He would frequently appear inattentive to inexpedient complaints, concerning petty offences. He saw and heard much, of which he never indicated the knowledge.

The needful studies and expedient restraints of a school-boy, usually make his condition irksome, and cause his instructor

to be feared and disliked, more than beloved and revered. But it was a source of regret to this gentleman's scholars (about 50 lads) when he communicated his intention to relinquish his school. He had entertained a desire to follow a higher vocation, for which he was doubtless qualified, but which he failed to attain. This disappointment, I believe, affected him deeply; and he gave up his school, to the mortification of his pupils and the regret of their parents. I heard that his subsequent career was vicissitudinous, and unsatisfactory. I have read with pleasure a work which he compiled, of a pious and didactic nature, whilst on a sea voyage.

No man can certainly tell what consequences will follow the various steps which he takes in the walk of life. It is marvellous, in the eyes of the young, that the upright and admirable among men, who seek, by legitimate means, to change their position in life, should find themselves and their families unhoused from a comfortable home, sequestered from the place

where they were honoured and esteemed, destitute of property, and out of reach of the good offices and comfort of a large circle of old friends. Changes like these render it painful to “muse upon the days of old,” from earliest memory to the present time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Veni, vidi, vici.

CÆSAR.

I came, saw, conquer'd.

ANON.

LEAVING Ramsgate, I passed Pegwell Bay, on my way to Sandwich. The walk towards Sandwich is, on the whole, pretty and agreeable. The road lies low, and at a little distance from the sea; of which, about midway, between Ramsgate and Sandwich, the pedestrian loses sight. Hereabouts is Hope Bay, on the sea; and here also is the southern extremity of the Isle of Thanet. At a short distance inland, stand the ruins of Richborough Castle.

It is the opinion of most persons that this shore was the scene of Cæsar's first attack upon the Britons. The coast and the first engagement are thus described by Rapin:—

“ Every thing being ready for the expe-

dition, Cæsar embarked two legions on board eighty transports ; leaving orders for the horse to follow, with all speed, in eighteen more, that had not yet been able to join the fleet, and were expected every moment ; but his orders were not timely enough executed. At his arrival on the coast of Britain, he sees the hills and cliffs, that run out into the sea, covered with troops that could easily, with their darts, prevent his landing." (This agrees so exactly with the cliffs of Dover, towards the South Foreland, that all men of judgment believe this to be the place.) " Upon which, he determines to look out for some other place, where he may land his army with less danger. However, he lies by till three in the afternoon, expecting some ships that were not yet come up. Upon their joining the fleet, he makes a signal for the principal officers, and giving them his last instructions concerning their landing, makes sail, and comes to an anchor about two leagues farther, near a plain and open shore."

Such is the shore at the mouth of the river that flows from Richborough, which place was formerly called in Latin, *Rhutupiaë*, *Rutupæ*, or *Portus Rutupensis*. Dr. Gale calls it *Ritupæ*, which best suits with the modern name. Richborough is about twelve miles distance from *Durovernum*, or Canterbury, and rather more to *Dorobernia*, or Dover.

“The Britons perceiving his (Cæsar’s) intent, sent their chariots and horse that way, whilst the rest of their army advanced to support them. The main difficulty in landing proceeded from the largeness of the vessels, which hindered them from coming near enough to the shore; so that the Roman soldiers saw themselves under a necessity of leaping into the sea, armed as they were, in order to attack their enemies, who stood ready to receive them on dry ground. Cæsar, perceiving his soldiers did not exert their usual bravery on this occasion, orders some galleys to get as near the shore as possible, and attack the enemy in flank. This precaution had the

desired effect : for the slings, engines, and arrows were so well employed, from these galleys, that the courage of the Britons began to abate. But the Romans still demurred upon throwing themselves into the water, and, it may be, would hardly have done it at all, had not the standard-bearer of the tenth legion shown them the way, by leaping in first, with his colours in his hand, crying out aloud, ‘ Follow me, fellow soldiers ; unless you will betray the Roman Eagle into the hands of the enemy ; for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth.’ Upon these words, he leaps into the sea, and advances with his eagle towards the barbarians. Emulation and shame causing the soldiers to forget the danger, they courageously follow him, and begin the fight. But their resolution could not compel the Britons to give ground ; nay, it was to be feared that the Romans, constrained thus to fight in the water, without keeping their ranks, would in the end have been repulsed, had not Cæsar caused some armed

boats to ply about with recruits, which made the enemy fall back a little. The Romans, improving this advantage, advance with all possible expedition, and, getting firm footing, press the Britons so vigorously, that at length they put them to rout. They durst not, however, pursue them; because the horse were not yet come: which, Cæsar says, was the only thing that hindered the victory from being complete."

This unprovoked attack, on an innocent nation, was made in the afternoon of the 26th of August, fifty-five years before the Christian æra. Into what depth of guilt did this criminal ambition plunge Cæsar! He may have displayed the courage of a bull dog, but no magnanimity. He led a well armed veteran force against naked Britons.

Oh that Britain, blessed with Christian light, had not imitated the iniquitous conduct of this Pagan tyrant!

I humbly differ from the above autho-

riety, as to the exact locality of Cæsar's first descent. Having walked along the shore, from Pegwell Bay, till I nearly arrived at the South Foreland, (excepting for about two or three miles to the north of Sandwich, and a mile to its south,) I had a fair opportunity of drawing this conclusion. My reasons are various; and the courteous reader may be pleased to judge—

1. The Portus Ritupensis is *four or five* Roman leagues (nine or ten and a half miles) from the South Foreland: whereas Cæsar is said to have sailed about *two* leagues north of that headland.

2. The Portus Ritupensis is near a very muddy flat coast, whereon no careful general would land his men, if he could find a better place. To get to the Portus Ritupensis (Richborough) from the South Foreland, you must pass the interstitial shore on either side of Deal, which is covered with shingles, and would afford good landing. It would also embrace the very space above mentioned; namely, two leagues,

which according to the Roman computation would be but one and a half English leagues, (four miles and a half.)

3. It is reasonable to suppose that, had Cæsar gone as far north as Richborough, he would have run up the little channel which forms Sandwich Harbour, or up the river Stour to Richborough: where his men could have leaped ashore from the sides of their vessels, and formed line, with all the celerity of an ordinary military evolution.

CHAPTER IX.

Shrouded in dark idolatry we lay,
Till guileless Ethelbert's more hopeful day ;
When pious saint Augustine, with a band
Of Christian missionaries, reach'd our land,
To preach the Gospel on its favour'd shore ;
That men should worship stocks and stones no more.

ANON.

I CONCLUDE that Richborough must have been also called Retsborough ; for I know of no place now so called, which formerly was on the coast of Thanet, and was doubtless a port: as it was chosen for a place of landing by the mission hereafter described. Concluding that my conjecture is right, then the locality of Richborough Castle is rendered interesting by an account (not of another invasion, but) of a Christian mission, from Pope Gregory, which was sent hither in the reign of the illustrious Anglo-Saxon Ethelbert. It appears that Pope Gregory, when Archdeacon of Rome, had volunteered his own ser-

vices, as a missionary to this country : but his flock petitioned the Pope not to grant him a licence : as they could not bear to lose so good a pastor. The Pope therefore did not permit him to go.

In Pope Gregory's younger days, about twenty years before the arrival of these Roman missionaries, there were a number of young English children exposed for sale in the market place at Rome : whither they had been sent for that purpose by their parents, who thought themselves overstocked. Amongst the crowd of spectators was Gregory, who, when he heard of their birth, and of the idolatry and unnatural conduct of their parents, formed the design of preaching in England the Gospel of that Saviour, who, though the parent forsake her sucking child, will never leave nor forsake those who trust in him. On being told that the young persons, who were some of them beautiful, were English, Archdeacon Gregory remarked, "*Benè, nam angelicam habent faciem.*"—" 'Tis well, for they have an angelic appearance.'

He is said also on that, or on another similar occasion, to have remarked, “*Hi Angli angeli forent, si essent Christiani.*” —“ These English would be angels, if they were Christians.” The original, in each case, being a play on the similarity of the words *angelicam* (much like *Anglicanam*) and *Angli* (still more like *angeli*.)

It is clear that idolatry, and selling into slavery, were crimes committed by the Anglo-Saxons in Britain: a truth which the man who travels in this country now, would find it difficult to believe. But, if we are to give credit to history, these are facts, and come to us with as much weight as any others whereof mention is unequivocally made by the same historian. We are called on, by equally credible testimony, to believe, that, in this country, the victims of religious persecution have been burned, by Druidic condemnation, in wicker-work images of gigantic bulk, of human form and demoniacal contrivance; that hundreds have been burned at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary; that

adoration has been paid to idols of wood and stone; and that temples have been reared to the honour and for the worship of the living God; that *children* have been sold into slavery by their *parents* who bore them; and that the *Moravians* have sold *themselves* into slavery, to preach the Gospel to those in distant bondage, to whose ears they could not otherwise have conveyed the glad tidings of salvation.

Reasoning from these premises, I feel warranted in concluding, that the wretched state of the Africans does not shut out the hope, that *they* may *likewise* be redeemed from ignorance, from bondage, and from idolatry; become an intelligent and civilized race, and live to the glory of their Maker.

“Have we not *all one* Father?” (*Mal. ii. 10.*) Are not these our *brethren*? Ignorance, slavery, and idolatry are not peculiar to black skins or the torrid zone. The *sons of Britain*, one time, *were* untaught *slaves*, and worshippers of idols! the *descendants of Ham* may become men

of learning, *sons of freedom and pious Christians.*

The mission consisted of forty Benedictine Monks, with Austin (Saint Augustine) at their head. The following is the substance of the account of this interesting event, as recorded by M. Rapin de Thoyras.

“ Austin and his companions having passed through France, where they were supplied with interpreters, arrived at the Isle of Thanet, in the year of our Lord 597. As soon as they were landed, he sent the king word, that he was come into his dominions with a company of very honest men, to bring him a message of the greatest importance ; and instruct him in what would procure him everlasting happiness. Upon this information, Ethelbert ordered them to stay where they were : designing to go himself and hear from their own mouths the occasion of their journey. Some few days after, he went to the Isle of Thanet, in company with the queen, who, in all likelihood, was not ignorant of the reason

of Austin's coming. As soon as the king arrived, he seated himself in the open air : being apprehensive, as Bede says, of charms or spells, which in the open field, he thought, could have no power over him.

“ Then ordering the strangers to be called before him, he asked them what they had to propose.

“ Austin, who was the speaker, made a long harangue, preaching the Gospel in a forcible and zealous manner, says the same historian ; though he relates not one word of his sermon. Ethelbert, informed by the interpreters what Austin had said, returned him this answer :—

“ ‘ Your proposals are noble, and your promises inviting. But I cannot resolve upon quitting the religion of my ancestors for one that appears to me supported only by the testimony of persons that are entire strangers to me. However, since as I perceive, you have undertaken so long a journey on purpose to impart to us what you deem most important and valuable, you shall not be sent away without some

satisfaction. I will take care you are treated civilly in my dominions, and supplied with all things necessary and convenient; and if any of my subjects, convinced by what you shall say to them, desire to embrace your religion, I shall not be against it.' ”

This declaration was worthy of a king. The noble Heptarchist had, no doubt, his heathen priests, his court, and guards, in attendance; so that he went as far as he well could. Courage, on the other hand, was displayed by Saint Augustine, who could not, on his part, have had an easy task to perform, in pointing out to this benevolent but heathen ruler, the things that belonged unto his peace.

The author hopes he is not tedious in dwelling thus on a subject so highly interesting; and he begs permission to remind the reader that he did not hold out a promise of a topographical description of the coast which he traversed, more than of historical illustrations and reflections. As the author of Eunomus observes, “What more

saw Ulysses, in twenty years' travel, than cities and the mind of man?"

The names and sites of towns, or the manners of their inhabitants, import little ; but such an event as that last described, which the author has introduced into his Journal, is calculated to excite the warmest interest in every Christian's heart: and doubtless every British reader must feel gratified by the authentic account of the first time, upon record, when the Christian banner was unfurled upon his native shore, by an undaunted warrior of the Cross, and upheld with an untrembling hand in the presence of the chief and court of a nation which knew not God.

That Briton is not to be envied, whose heart does not grow bolder, at the mention of Trafalgar or Waterloo ; or, whose piety does not become more fervent, while he circumambulates the ruins of Richborough Castle.

CHAPTER X.

*Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant.
Omnia pontus erant ; deerantque huic littora ponto.
Occupat hic collem ; sedet cymbâ alter aduncâ ;
Et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper arârat.*

OVID. MET. DILUV. 52.

No man can now distinguish sea and shore.
All is submerg'd ! and, where in days of yore,
The husbandman did early rise, and toil
With horse and plough, to cultivate the soil,
The high waves, rolling with a mighty sweep,
O'erwhelm the whole within their wat'ry deep.
In vain, to occupy some higher ground,
The wretches fly ; the waters gather round.
Some climb the trees ; or mount the high church tow'r ;
But vain is human flight in such an hour !
If Heav'n decree, no mortal man can save
Himself or others from a wat'ry grave.
All now is sea ! and, where men's dwellings stood,
The pilot steers his vessel through the flood.

ANON.

HERE is the other mouth of the little river
Stour. I have already stated that one
empties itself into the sea at Reculver.
These two branches, uniting inland at their

common source, cut off Thanet from the rest of the county, and make it an island. Had these streams been always as unimportant as they now are, Thanet would not perhaps, have been recognized as an isle. But it is reported that in ancient times these branches of the Stour were navigable by vessels of considerable burthen ; and, as the Gregorian mission is said to have landed at Richborough, which is two or three miles inland, it is probable that Saint Augustine and his followers sailed up the Stour on that occasion. It is also remarkable that, while the waters appear to have partially receded from hence, the estates of the Earl of Goodwin, now called the Goodwin Sands, which are but a few miles distant, should have been swallowed up by the sea, in a strange tempest, somewhat after the Conquest. Where these sands now are, there were once cultivated lands, belonging to the Earl of Goodwin, who was also Earl of Kent, in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

It is said, moreover, that the whole of

the eastern and south-eastern coasts of Kent once extended considerably beyond their present barriers. It has been ascertained, by geologic discoveries, that Reculver was once two miles distant from the sea coast; but the waters have made such encroachments on the shore, that a wall, attached to the present towers, is only fourteen feet from the sea!

The Goodwin Sands¹ are now of no value, but they are, at low water, sufficiently above the level of the sea, to enable cricketers to play a match. Parties are said to make excursions in boats, from Ramsgate, occasionally, in the summer, to enjoy that pastime. These are the same sands which are so justly dreaded by those who navigate this coast; and those who read the ordinary accounts of "Disasters at sea,"

¹ The following lines are to be found in the 18th Song of Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, (printed in *ed. 1612*).
XII.—1612).

"Grym Goodwin all this while seems grievously to lowre,
Nor cares he of a strawe for Tennet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortall hate to France,
Since mighty Albion's fall by warre's incertaine chance."

know that it is rare for a storm to occur, without these sands being the scene of a wreck.

The following is the account, as given by Rapin in the reign of William the II. surnamed Rufus, as well concerning the inundation of the Earl of Goodwin's estates, as also of various other calamities: and he couples with the narrative of misfortunes, such an account of the prevailing demoralization and impiety, that he, who does not attribute the former to the latter, must either be wanting in reflection, or disbelieve the ways of Providence to man.

“Historians relate several extraordinary accidents in this reign; as earthquakes, comets, and a spring which ran blood three days together. But what caused the most damage was, first a great fire in 1092, which burnt down great part of London. In the next place, the sea, rising to an extraordinary height, overflowed the coast of Kent, and swept away abundance of people and cattle. This inundation covered the lands that belonged formerly to Earl Good-

win, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. This place, called at this day Goodwin's Sands, is noted for shipwrecks."

"Malmesbury observes, in the reign of William Rufus, that notwithstanding men's minds were turned to war, yet, excess and sensuality prevailed in a very scandalous manner among the nobility, and even among the clergy. Vanity, lust and intemperance reigned every where, says that historian. The men appeared so effeminate in their dress and conversation, that they showed themselves men in nothing but their daily attempts upon the chastity of the women."

CHAPTER XI.

CINQUE PORTS.

ENLIVENED, in my solitary walk, by the historical reminiscences which the view of the last mentioned interesting spot awakened in my mind, I found myself approaching the Cinque Ports.

They comprise Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings; to which Winchelsea, and Rye have been added: which two latter are properly designated, (not Cinque Ports, but) ancient towns. All these seven places have corporations, consisting of a mayor, jurats, and freemen. Each of them used to return two members to Parliament.

The mayor and jurats are magistrates, in their respective jurisdictions; and all the Cinque Ports are under an officer called the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. All processes to be executed in any of these places or their dependencies, used to

be, and most of them still are, directed to the Constable of the Castle of Dover. The court wherein pleas are held of all matters arising in this jurisdiction is held in the Isle of Sheppey. The prison is at Dover Castle.

At the coronation of a king or queen of England, the members returned by each of these seven places, enjoy the privilege of supporting the canopy which is carried over royalty in the procession, on that occasion. The members are called Barons of the Cinque Ports; and each holds one of the rods by which the canopy is elevated. They, therefore, of necessity, enjoy the honour of walking very near the king or queen in these royal pageantries.

It was King John who granted to the Cinque Ports the privileges which they so long enjoyed. "On condition," says Knighton, "that they obliged themselves and their heirs, to provide the king, upon reasonable summons, four score able vessels, at their own charges, for the space of forty days, and after that to receive wages of the king."

CHAPTER XII.

SANDWICH

Is an ancient port, and must be well known to the reader as an earldom. This was a port in the Heptarchate of Kent. I saw brigs of some hundred tons burthen lying along the walls of the town, as I passed over the bridge.

Sandwich bridge has at each end a stone arch, and in the centre a wooden swing bridge.

The entrance to the town is through an archway, which faces the bridge. On the same side of the town is another small entrance; which I suppose to have been the main entrance in former days; because it is a strong archway, and there has been over it a portcullis. Sandwich has three churches, dedicated to Saint Clement, the Virgin Mary, and Saint Peter. I viewed Saint Cle-

ment's, and ascended the tower; whence I surveyed the circumjacent country, which is level, but diversified. The sea is about a mile distant. The town enlivens the view. On one side the prospect is adorned by the ruins of Richborough Castle; whence, after traversing the interstitial flats, the eye rests on Pegwell bay, and thence, further east, embraces Ramsgate, where the sea terminates the view. Sandwich has narrow streets, and a small market-place, but the town is rather large. Saint Clement's church is ancient. Its tower stands in the centre of the edifice, supported by four large columns, one of which contains the stair-case. The church-yard is retired and pretty. I do not remember any thing else that was *striking*, except the *clock*. The steps of Saint Clement's Tower were much dilapidated and worn; and I thought it prudent to mount on all fours, and to descend in the same way, going backwards, which was fatiguing. I had walked only seven miles, but was as tired as if the distance had been twelve.

Alexander the *Great* wept for other worlds to conquer ; whereas I should have thought him Alexander *the Greater* had he *not* wept ; I, however, not contented with *one prospect*, was solicitous to behold *another Sandwich* ; nor did I seek in vain : I sat down to a good breakfast, and I did enjoy it.

CHAPTER XIII.

What may your evil entente you availle ?
Mordre wol out, certeine it wol not faille ;
And namely ther the honour of God shal sprede,
The blood out crieth on your cursed dede.

GEOFF. CHAUCER. *The Prioress's Tale.* 13, 505.

I WALKED to Deal by a way called the Sand Hills. Having gone along about two miles of road, I turned over a stile which lay on my right, and pursued a path in the direction of Deal, which was then visible all the rest of the way. About two miles distance from Deal, my attention was drawn to a stone, resembling those placed at the heads of graves. This stone had on it inscribed, in few words, the simple narrative of a murder, and of the criminal's just punishment.

On this spot, August the 25th, 1782,
Mary Rix, Spinster,
Aged 23 years, was murdered by
Martin Lash, a foreigner,
Who was executed for the same.

All was still. The sun was at his meridian height ; the sky was serene ; and sheep were grazing on the spot, unconscious of the horrid tale which the dumb stone recorded.

Sister, let thy sorrows cease !
Sinful brother, part in peace !

MARMION.

I paused, and indulged in a train of meditation to which the subject invited me. We often hear of deaths, and sometimes of murders, but an approximation to the subject, by the slightest knowledge of the individuals, or a visit to the immediate vicinity, is revolting. I felt that I was perhaps, on the very spot where the poor female had fallen ; where she had cried for mercy, (but cried to man in vain) ! and whence her soul had fled from its earthly tenement.

I went a little out of my way towards the shore, whither I was attracted by two large batteries which faced the sea, and inland were inclosed with high walls, which had port-holes, through which the forces

within might fire at the foe, should they land and post themselves in the rear of the battery. These batteries were then occupied by naval officers and men, employed on the blockade duty.

I then went on to *Sandown Castle*, which is a structure of one large round stone tower; consisting of a basement and first-floor. There is a rampart round it, on which were several pieces of cannon. It was surrounded by a dry moat, the outside of which was the excavated soil, lined with a brick wall, to bank it up. Over this moat is a bridge, by which you enter. The castle stands about thirty feet above the level of the moat; and is embattled. There was formerly a drawbridge, with portcullis.

Seamen resided in this castle likewise. Leaving this fort, I perambulated

DEAL.

This place, which was another of the sea-ports in the Heptarchate of Kent, appeared larger than Sandwich; though I

believe it to be comprised in one parish. There is a chapel of ease, in a large burial ground. It is in the principal street. A light iron railing fences off the ground in front of the chapel from the street. There is a broad path along the south side of the burial ground, shaded by a double row of trees, which is continued round three sides of the ground. It is solemn and pleasing.

The parish church is on a rising ground, at the back of the town called Upper Deal.

There is a Town Hall over the market place.

There is a large and very handsome hospital for seamen, now not used. I suppose therefore, it is for those wounded in war. Oh, that such edifices were always empty !

That peace might ever dwell round Britain's shore,
And savage warfare vex the land no more !

CHAPTER XIV.

DEAL CASTLE.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : —————

SHAKSPEARE. *As you like it.* Act ii. Scene 3.

As the pedestrian quits the southern end of Deal he sees, between himself and the shore, Deal Castle, opposite to which stands the Hospital already mentioned. This fortress consists of a large tower, whose circumference, if I mistake not, is about 600 feet. A large additional building fronts the sea, containing two sets of capacious rooms. On one floor, a dining-room, a drawing-room, and two bed-rooms, and above them a very large library, and another bed-room, which the governor occupied.

The whole is surrounded by a dry moat, which makes a pretty garden, and the outer side of which had a perpendicular brick wall to support the excavated earth, as in the moat at Sandown Castle. This castle is entered by a drawbridge.

The drawing-room was hung with large prints, representing sea-fights and naval heroes. The furniture was plain. I was told that the governor, or nobleman residing there, was in the habit of rising at five or half-past, both in summer and winter, and that he retired to repose at ten; though between 70 and 80 years of age. I was shown a large wrapper or surtout, in which I was informed that he exercised himself on the leads in the morning.

There are many bed-rooms, but, excepting those in the new building, they are very badly lighted, and have no prospect but the wall of the moat. They are low and in sectors of circles, a shape resulting from their being built in the interior of a round tower.

There is a very capacious kitchen and wash-house. Much fruit grows against the castle. Within the lower part of the wall, is an arched path, which I believe goes round the whole castle, and is level with the bottom of the moat, so that an armed force could pass round the castle, inside its very wall; so great is its thickness.

The shore is not covered with sand here, but with small stones and pebbles, which are commonly called shingles.

I left Deal, and passing Walmer Castle, the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, walked about three miles along the shore. I then ascended rising ground; and leaving the shore, walked inland, across beautiful Downs, till I reached Smargetts.

The South Foreland lay to my left. Smargetts is a small village, having a church, whose exterior is very handsome, for the place. I proceeded across the Downs, till I reached a foot-path, which led across some fields commencing near

the yard of an old fashioned farm-house under a hill. Here I soon had a view of Dover Castle, which was about a mile or a mile and a-half distant.

Cæsar's tower is also visible hence.

CHAPTER XV.

DOVER.

That space, where rolling waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy soil,
One time was land ; and, now where ships do glide,
Once with laborious art the plough did toil.

(Author unknown.)

In what manner and forme it pleased Almighty God in the begining of the world to devyde the sea from the dry land, is unto us wholly unknown ; but altogether unlikely it is that there were any iles before the deluge ; and so much may be gathered by the woords of the Scripture. “ Dixit vero Deus : congregentur aquæ quæ sub cœlo sunt, in locum unū, et appareat arida : Et factū est ita. Et vocavit Deus aridam terram, congregationesque aquarum appellavit maria.’ Genesis i. (verses 9 and 10. And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear : and it was so. And God called the dry land earth ; and the gathering together of the waters called he seas :) whereby apeereth, that the waters were gathered together in their own place by themselves, and therefore had no such intercoures between land and land as now they have, and so consequently there were no iles before the flood of Noe : howbeit by that great and universal deluge, many iles were doubtless caused. Moreover it is manifest by the Scripture, that since the tyme of the aforesaid deluge, some alterations both of sea and land have also

bin made, as may appeer where it is said of the meeting together of certain Kings. “Omnes hi convenerunt in vallem sylvestrem, quæ nunc est mare salis. All these met together in the wood valley, which is now the salt sea. Genesis xiv.” So as this valley having in the time of Abram bin full of trees, was now in the time of Moyse the salt sea.—*Richard Verstegan’s Retitution, &c.* pages 95 and 96. Antwerp. 1605.

That our Ile of Albion hath bin continent with Gallia, hath bin the opinion of divers, as of Antonius Volsus, Dominicus Marius Niger, Servius Honoratus. The French poet Bartas, our countreymē M. John Twyn, and M. Doctor Richard Whyte, with sundry others.

Idem. page 96.

DOVER is an interesting spot to any man, and should have attractions for every Englishman. It affords a grand and sublime sight to those who venerate the wonders of nature, and admire works of art. Survey this immense castle, the work of human industry; and cast your eye on Shakspeare’s Cliff, which looks as if it would say to the tempestuous channel, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.” Then dwell on the vast thought which is displayed in the four lines at the head of this chapter, which are imputed to an an-

cient English poet; and mark the observations of Verstegan. The thought is sublime; consistent with Scripture; and fortified by the reasonings of the last mentioned author; to whose work I beg leave to refer the curious reader.

William the Conqueror laid siege to Dover, after the battle of Hastings, before he ventured to march to London. “ To save (says Rapin) a retreat in case of necessity, and a port where his convoys might easily come from Normandy. This precaution, even after his victory, is a clear evidence of the boldness, or rather rashness of his enterprise; since, had he been vanquished, he would not have had a single spot in the kingdom to retire to. He marched therefore directly to Dover, a place naturally very strong, but was become more so by the great number of English officers and soldiers fled thither after the battle. For this reason it might have stood a long siege, but the consternation was so great, that it surrendered in a few days. As soon as the Duke was in possession,

he ordered the town to be more strongly fortified, and spent eight days there to fortify the works: after which he marched for London."

I cannot understand that William had no retreat; as he fortified Pevensey and Hastings; both of which were on the sea, and accessible to any forces which might come to his aid.

The castle is at the north of Dover, on a high eminence. This is a very strong place. Here is accommodation for a whole army. There are subterranean passages, and rooms for the quartering of some thousands under ground. It is curious to view, from the sea, the cliff beneath the castle; wherein there are numerous openings of subterranean batteries.

At the southern end of Dover are the Heights, a celebrated fortification. Here is a triple well-staircase, leading from the heights to the shore below; by which three regiments can ascend or descend at once, each regiment marching two or more abreast. There is, at Dover, near the

Heights, a stupendous cliff, to whose top every one, who can, should go. Looking down from thence on the sea and shore beneath, who, that has read them, will not bring to mind the following lines of our renowned dramatic bard, whose name the spot now bears?

KING LEAR.—ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Gloster. Dost thou know Dover?

Edgar. Aye, master.

Gloster. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edgar. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

SCENE 6.

Edgar. Come on, Sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice : and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy,
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Can not be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

I visited the Marine Parade and various small squares and buildings, which had been erected on the shore of late years. The new buildings are cheerful and handsome. Dover may now be considered a watering place, and one of the favorite resorts of gaiety and fashion.

Dover has two small wooden piers, and a harbour. It has also a capacious inner harbour.

The shore here is steep, and is covered with shingles. I remember to have seen it, in some spots, beneath the cliffs, consisting of nothing but very small pebbles ; so that it was almost as soft as sand to the feet. The bathing machines are let down into the sea, and drawn out thence by ropes, which are acted on by a windlass, into which handspikes are fixed : and by

means of these levers, little comparative force suffices. The circumambulatory movement of those who propel these levers appears curious to spectators who are not accustomed to the sight. The shore is steep, and forms an inclined plane, descending towards the sea; consequently this method is well adapted to the exigency. I conceive the strength of a horse would be inefficient for the purpose of drawing the machine up the shore in some parts, and also that the horse, which of course would enter the sea front foremost, would be unable to turn himself and the machine round on so steep a slant as there is in some parts; without danger of overturning the machine. But, without reference to the practice at other places, it is of course well to save the expense of horses, and to profit by the advantageous circumstances of a sloping shore.

I dined at the London Hotel; and pursuing my journey, passed the fortified Heights and Shakspeare's Cliff before mentioned.

I walked about three miles through a valley, and, after proceeding some distance on a retired road, the inequalities and roughness of which were rendered more inconvenient by the darkness of the evening, I arrived at the turnpike road leading to Folkstone. The lights in the town indicated its situation, and a steep and circuitous road brought me to it. I entered the Folkstone Arms, and there took tea and slept.

CHAPTER XVI.

Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis.

VIRG. ÆN. III. 521.

And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight.

DRYDEN, 682.

THE following day, I rose at six, and had a peep at the town. It is small and straggling. It has two wooden piers running out into the sea, somewhat like those at Dover.

There are some good houses at the entrance to Folkstone.

I have already stated that this was a seaport in the Heptarchate of Kent. I commenced this day's journey by walking along the cliff which lies between Folkstone and Sandgate.

Here I enjoyed an imposing scene of nature. On one side, was a rural prospect, enlivened by the sprightly music of the feathered throng; and, on the other, an

unbounded expanse of sea. The sky was bright; and the earth's diurnal revolution was sufficiently performed for the sea to be gilded by the sun, whose beams appeared to move, in beautiful variety, on the gentle undulations of the heaving waters.

The freshness of the morning air, and the fragrance of the fields, imparted a degree of vigour to my body, and of elasticity to my mind, which rendered the scene unusually agreeable.

Having walked about two miles, I found myself at the termination of the cliff, with Sandgate lying before me. This little place is built along the shore, close to the sea. Behind it is a hill, covered with verdure and ornamented with wood. There stands a large tower near the termination of the cliff. Hence you behold the whole of Romney Bay, from Folkstone to Dungeness: a shore of twenty miles extent at least.

Sandgate consists chiefly of private houses, of which there are many in its vicinity newly built. It appears to be a

select and retired watering place. There is a small church or chapel. I saw five machines for bathing. Here the shore was so steep, that I walked from the shore into the machine, along a plank; and yet had a deep bath.

The water was calm; and so clear that very small pebbles appeared as distinguishable six or seven feet under the surface, as those which lay dry on the shore. It was well for the author that he was a tolerably expert swimmer; the transparent pellucidity of the element causing him, by his *clear* view of the bottom, to have a *mistaken* view of his situation; for he thought he was continuing in shallow water, while he was luxuriating out of his depth. The shore here is formed of small shingles.

From Sandgate I walked to Hythe, a distance of four miles. This part of the route is pretty. Soon after quitting Sandgate, I gradually left the sea, and walked along a canal which commences a little to the south of the town. On the road to Hythe, I passed a place called Seabrook.

HYTHE

is about a mile inland. There is one principal street, consisting of numerous good shops and respectable private houses. There is a town-hall and market-place. A very handsome church, which is at the back of the centre of the town, forms an imposing object. It stands about midway up the ascent of a steep hill; so that in circumambulating the church-yard, when you stand at that side of it which is farthest from the town, you almost look down upon the roof of the body of the church. My attention was drawn to the representation of the face of a man, cut out on stone, over the door, at the southern side of the church. It was rather larger than life; and, perhaps owing to that decay which the lapse of years often creates, it wore rather an unmeaning aspect.

There are beautiful barracks at this town, where the staff, who built them, are quartered.

On quitting Hythe, and at a few miles'

distance from the place, the view of the town and adjacent country is very pretty. I have already stated that it is skirted by a hill, and that the church stands on its ascent, at the back of the town; which features, together with much ornamental wood and some of the best houses, present a very pleasing object. The ruins of a castle, with a church and a mansion, on an adjacent hill, to the south-west of Hythe, give a noble finish to the view, which I saw to great advantage: the morning being advanced, and the sun now shining brightly upon the scene, towards which I looked from a south-easterly direction.

I have before mentioned that Hythe is a Cinque Port. Here the eye may range extensively over both land and water. Looking inland, you can trace a long ridge of hills, running to the north and north-west, and you also survey a large tract of country to the south and south-west. The locality of several distant villages is indicated by the spires of their respective churches. When you turn your eyes sea-

ward, you view an expanse, which appears more unbounded, by large vessels, which pass some miles from the shore, steering a straight course from the South Foreland, from Dover, or from Folkstone round Dungeness Point. The spot I am describing is nearly at the centre of the bay; whence looking to the south, Dungeness Light-house, and the towers of New Romney and Lydd churches are seen; and, looking towards the north, the cliff which projects to the south of Folkstone, with Sandgate and Hythe also are in view.—The pedestrian here also enjoys the great comfort of walking, for some miles, on turf by the road side, so smooth and soft, that, without speaking hyperbolically, it is as pleasant as carpeting.

THE GUN TOWER,

or Battery, is distant from Hythe about three miles. Here are kept a large quantity of cannons. The outer wall, which is of brick, is about thirty feet above the level of the moat surrounding it, which also has

its outerside banked up with a perpendicular brick wall. The tower has eleven pieces of cannon mounted. The battery is wide, containing rooms underneath, whose doors and windows open into a circular ground, enclosed within the inner wall of the battery. Here many troops might be quartered. The centre ground is one large open space to which you descend from the ramparts. In this enclosure the guns are deposited.

You enter the tower by a drawbridge. An old pensioner watches the place.

CHAPTER XVII.

DYMCHURCH.

WAS the next place I visited. It is close to the sea ; and appears to be an inconsiderable village. Here is a church, which is very small ; in front of which stands a decent inn, called the Ship. Here I breakfasted. Concerning Dymchurch itself, I have nothing more to say, but that the place is remarkable for having all along the shore, in its vicinity a

SEA WALL.

Along the coast, from Hythe towards New Romney, there are in some parts stones, closely compacted, over the surface of the shore, (which form, in fact, a pavement), to prevent the sea from making inroads, (which it might do by gradually removing its natural bed), or by inundating the interior of the country, which lies low.

In other parts, and more generally used than stones, there are stakes, about three feet long, driven perpendicularly into the sands. These stakes have holes bored in them, about one foot from the top. They are driven in equidistantly, in rows about two or three feet from each other ; and in the rows they are about a foot a-part. Then layers of sticks, about an inch thick, and a few feet long, are laid, from row to row, transversely, and across those are placed bars of wood, three inches deep and an inch thick, and two or three feet long ; which run through the holes in the stakes. The stakes are driven into the shore, as far as they can go down, whereby the cross bars, which are let into them, press closely on the layers of stick, forming a protection to the shore, by completely covering it with a kind of basket-work. The foot length of wood, left out of the ground, being the tops of the stakes, act as small breakwaters ; but more completely to secure the shore from the effects of a heavy sea, there are, about every 60 or 70 yards,

piles driven into the ground, from four to six inches broad and thick, which appear to be driven very deep. These run from the shore, into the sea, in rows. The piles are driven down in pairs, which are a few feet distant from each other. Between them are placed stout boards. These boards are secured between the piles by screws which run through the two piles and their interposed boards; and the screws are fastened, at either end, by an iron nut. It being low water, I was capacitated to observe all this, more accurately than I might otherwise have been enabled to do.

The approaches of the sea being thus guarded against, there is also, near the shore, a high bank raised, several miles in length. It is, as nearly as I remember, about fifteen feet high, and wide enough at top for several persons to walk abreast, and very wide at its base. This I conceive calculated to prevent a sudden rising of the sea, or a spring tide, from flooding the adjacent

country; which, at high water, for the most part, lies below the level of the sea.

Quitting Dymchurch, I walked about a mile along the sands, and picked up a variety of common shells and other trifles; when, leaving the shore of this beautiful bay, I advanced about a mile inland and entered

NEW ROMNEY,

which consists chiefly of one long street. There is a large church, with a handsome tower, a town-hall, and a market-place. Here are two inns. That called the New Commercial Inn appears good.

Shortly after leaving New Romney, I saw in a field to the right of the road, the ruins of an ancient chapel, called

HOPE CHAPEL,

and though they consisted only of a portion of the original walls, there being, I believe, no part of the roof remaining, yet I was informed that a clergyman read

himself in, about the year 1827, as rector of the parish, and received tithes. I was also told that there was but one house in the parish, though several persons occupied land, and paid tithes.

Walking along the road, I left Lydd to the east, and, beyond it Dungeness, and proceeded to the southward, which brought me to poor

OLD ROMNEY.

This place which was, or is a Cinque Port, looks like a little village. It has a pretty church, and apparently a very large parsonage. I was informed that one person enjoyed all Romney; but the people in the neighbourhood were either unable or unwilling to give me local information. I now walked across

ROMNEY MARSH,

a distance of about nine miles. The road was good, but dusty and gravelly; and the way was flat and dull. I saw many very large sheep, the whiteness of whose

fleeces particularly attracted my attention. Their size, their whiteness, and the rich green grass, formed an unusual contrast and a gratifying sight.

A telescope is a delightful appendage to the solitary pedestrian. It not only renders visible the object, whose distance prevents the naked eye from seeing it distinctly; but it appears to bring close to the spectator, an ox or a sheep which may be one or two hundred yards off. The animal is seen to breathe; the intelligent look of its eye can be distinguished; and the mind is filled with admiration of the Great Creator's works. I was informed that the Romney Marsh sheep are esteemed next to the South Down sheep.

The road here is not very direct, but runs rectangularly; by reason of the meadows, which appeared to be in squares, being intersected by broad ditches, which answer the purposes of fencing and irrigation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RYE.

But sith that terrene things ben nat perdurabill,
No mervaile is though Rome be somewhat variabill
Fro honour and fro wele sith his friendis passid;
As many another town is payrid and ylassid
Within these few yeris, as we mowe se at eye;
Lo ! sirs, here fast by Winchelse and Ry.

GEOF. CHAUCER, *The Merchant's Second Tale*, 19.

THIS ancient town is seen at a distance from the time you leave Old Romney; and, when you get within a mile and a half of Rye, you have your prospect bounded by a ridge of hill to its north, diversified by a rich plantation or wood, and by an opening which leads to a small village called Playden, the spire of whose church adorns the scene.

I am not aware of any thing at Rye worthy of description; save that it has a large harbour. It used to return two members: it now returns but one.

Glancing to the south-west, Winchelsea and Fairlight break upon the view ; behind which lies Hastings, the southern-most Cinque Port. I left Rye on my right, and proceeding along a road at the foot of its hill, went straight to

WINCHELSEA,

the remains and ruins of an ancient town so called which terminated my second day's pedestrianism, from the time I left the Isle of Thanet.

The place originally called Winchelsea, (which we may suppose was very ancient), was inundated about six centuries since ; and Camber Castle, which is near the sea, (sometimes called Henry VIII.'s Castle, but its proper name is, I believe Winchelsea Castle), was in the centre of the old town. It is about a mile and a half from the place now called Winchelsea, and about one mile from the sea ; being the only remains of the former town that were pointed out to me, with the exception of some stone work, resembling

part of a pier which lies close to the sea, about a mile south of the Castle, and, I was informed, was the entrance to the ancient harbour.

This castle is said to have been wholly submerged at the time when the town was inundated. There is reason to believe that great part of it was long under water; as the stone steps, which lead to the top of the tower, are in many parts, covered with sand, shells, and other marine deposits.

This castle consists of a round tower of considerable magnitude and height. The space within the round tower is very great. Without it is an outer wall. The entrance to this fortress was to the north-east. It is now principally inhabited by wild rabbits; but its ruins are so interesting, that parties of pleasure frequently resort thither, to see them, and to enjoy the surrounding scenery: and are known to come from Hastings for that purpose, which is a distance of ten miles.

I apprehend, if leave were obtained, that discoveries might be made beneath

the castle, and in the soil between it and the ancient harbour, which would recompense the adventurer, and gratify the antiquary. It is commonly reported at Winchelsea, that there are, under the ruins of Winchelsea Castle, subterranean vaults, and also a passage connecting that fortress with the town on the hill, which is about a mile and a half distant.

In the reign of king Edward the First, Winchelsea appears to have been re-built, or much enlarged, on the hill, which now bears that name: and, to so great an extent, that there appear to have been upwards of thirty-six squares of houses, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, on account of its magnitude, called it Little London.

I conceive that, in early days, prisoners may have been tried and punished here, for capital offences: as there is a field called the Gallow's Field. We should not, however, too hastily conclude, in matters of mere surmise; because the field so denominated may have received its name, from the circumstance of some culprit being

there executed, or hung in chains on a special occasion.

Winchelsea appears to have been, in Queen Elizabeth's time, an important port; and a place of great trade. It is well known to the reader as an earldom.

There were several churches; but a portion only of one now remains, and that is in the middle of the town. It is dedicated to Saint Thomas the Apostle. Its situation was so advantageous, as a landmark for mariners, that at night, one of the towers, of which there is now no trace, was lighted up. This church is a most romantic ruin: displaying numerous ivy covered fragments, the dimensions of whose bases argue a lofty superstructure of considerable bulk. This building contains the tombs of four knights templars. The pillars of this church are of white marble; but, as the cleansing them was too laborious or expensive, about a century ago, the persons whose duty it was to repair the building, caused them to be white-washed.

The author regrets to say, that some

years back, divine service was performed in this church once only on each Sunday; in the morning and afternoon alternately.

There was another church called Saint Leonard's, situate on a hill, at the north of the town; on the site of which a wind-mill now stands. This spot is completely separated from the present town by fields; and has only one habitation in its vicinity. Human bones are frequently discovered here, when digging the ground which is supposed to have been the church-yard. A few years since, a perfect human skeleton was exhumed. At the foot of the hill, hard by, in a sequestered and romantic spot, is a pool of water of extraordinary limpidude, called Saint Leonard's Well; which is the best water in the neighbourhood of the town. The inhabitants, boasting of its quality or spell-binding property, affirm, that if any one drink of it, he will never desire to leave the place.

There is said to have been a third church, but of that the author could obtain no definite account.

The ruins of a chapel also are standing in a field, called the Chapel Field, which formed part of the ancient town, and is at right angles with the new Hastings road, and that leading to New-gate; which latter was the only road to Hastings in ancient days.

The present town of Winchelsea consists principally of an irregular square of buildings and houses round the church-yard—which is capacious. The town hall is in this square, and the prison is beneath it, forming the ground floor. There are barracks at Winchelsea, now occupied by labourers and poor, and called the Barrack-square. The extent of the ancient town is partly discoverable by the distance of its three gates, and the localities of the ruins or sites of its churches. The ruins of the three gates are standing. That which is at the western extremity of the town is called New-gate. It is at the bottom of a hill and leads to meadows, called the bleaching grounds. This gate, when viewed at a little distance, on approaching it from the

town, has a beautifully romantic appearance : being built of stone, and overgrown with ivy. It is seen rising up above adjoining plantations. On each side of it are the remains of what appear to have been towers, containing flights of steps for the forces to ascend and descend to and from the walls, which were doubtless fortified. Within these towers are now often seen, at close of day, gipsies and other itinerants, taking their frugal meal, and preparing for their nocturnal repose.

The gate at the eastern entrance to the town, on the road from Rye, is called the Strand-gate. This is likewise built of stone, and overgrown with ivy ; and is very similar to that above described, as regards the structure itself. Its situation, however, is different : being near the top of the hill, and in a very commanding situation ; though less romantic and picturesque than New-gate. From this spot the prospect is extensive and sublime. On a clear summer afternoon, when the sun is setting in the west, and his golden beams shed a

lustre on the face of nature, the country to the east appears splendid. Towards the north-east is seen the town of Rye; situated on a lofty hill, with its church standing above the rest of the buildings. The town, viewed from hence, does not altogether dissimilate from a pyramid in shape; the houses being built round the south western side of the hill, from its base to its summit, and the buildings lessening in number, as they rise; the church, which is nearly central, crowning the whole. Between Rye and Winchelsea, you look over verdant meadows, covered with flocks and herds. The military road from Rye to Winchelsea, which consists of three long angles, forms a pleasing object. Extending the view beyond Rye, its harbour and Romney Marsh are seen; and, in the distance, Folkstone Cliffs are discernible: whilst, in an easterly direction, Lydd Tower and Dungeness Lighthouse are visible.

Towards the south and south-west stand the ruins of Winchelsea Castle, and several

Martello Towers, which are on the shore of Pett Level. After pondering on the ruin of the ancient town, the spectator lifts his eyes, and his view is lost in the expanse of the British Channel. From this spot, may sometimes be seen to the south, the French coast, at a distance of nearly forty miles ; whereon may be descried Buona-parte's column, which is about three miles from Boulogne sur Mer, between the road thence to Calais and the coast. At the foot of the hill, was the Strand, whence this gate derived its name ; in the vicinity of which, before the recess of the sea, ships of considerable burthen lay at anchor. The third gate, which is called the Ferry-gate, is at the north side of the hill ; and commands the road from the ancient ferry. This gate also has its archway complete, but is less picturesque than the others.

There are also at Winchelsea, the ruins of a friary, situate at the south side of the hill, in the grounds of a gentleman, who is very obliging in permitting any persons to see, not only the remains of this building,

but also his garden and all his grounds, on a certain day in the week; for which purpose, as well as to see the church and other interesting objects, many persons make an excursion from Hastings, which is distant about eight miles.

The walls of the chapel of the friary are complete; but the roof is entirely wanting. The ruins are entered by an arch, whose span is the width of the building; and through it, on the approach, the whole of the interior is visible. It is lofty, and built with stone. The walls are partially covered with ivy and wall-flowers. The view of the entrance, from a distance, is rendered picturesque, by the surrounding trees and plantations, and the tasteful disposition of the grounds adjoining. The arch is Gothic; and is, in the general opinion of visitors, pronounced to be one of the most beautiful specimens of that style of architecture in England.

The gentleman, who some years since purchased the estate, and to whom it now belongs, pulled down the old house; and

built the new and elegant mansion which is now standing.

Winchelsea has now only a few hundreds of inhabitants.

From the south-eastern part of Winchelsea, there is a fine view of an unbounded expanse of sea; and Fairlight Hill, with the little church on it, forms a pleasing prospect to the south. The country, between the hill and the sea, is flat, about five miles in extent, and is called Pett Level. The canal, which commences at Sandgate, terminates near Rye; and another canal runs along Pett Level. These conduits were formed to expedite and facilitate military movements.

Winchelsea is about a mile and a half from the sea; but a narrow channel of the sea runs up the country, and passes by Winchelsea Hill.

The shore of Pett Level, near Winchelsea, is steep; and covered with shingles. There is no bathing machine here; and a man should be an expert swimmer to venture in, excepting in calm weather.

Both Winchelsea and Rye returned two members each. Rye now returns but one, and Winchelsea none; but the latter is associated with Rye, in returning its member.

In Pett Level, I first saw the Martello Towers. These towers are built, on the exposed parts of the shore, along the coast of Sussex, westward, until you reach Eastbourne. They stand about a quarter of a mile apart, on the shore, where it is unprotected by high cliffs or otherwise. The Martello Towers are built with brick. They are circular; and most, if not all, are without any moat or outer work. Each has a small window, on either side, which commands the shore. On the roof of each there is one gun. Below there is a depository for ammunition and stores, with a compartment for men to sleep in; and on the first and only upper floor is a mess-room for the men, and a separate room for an officer, which answers both the purposes of parlour and chamber. These towers are entered by ascending ladders, which

are, for the most part, so constructed, that they can be taken in when the door, which faces inland, is closed. The thickness of the walls increases towards the foundation; where the windows are, it is six or eight feet, but their greatest solidity is at the side facing the sea.

Some of these towers were occupied by lieutenants in the royal navy, having thirteen or fourteen hands under their command, to form a blockade, for the prevention of smuggling. This duty is now performed by other persons, connected with the Custom-house, who are called the Coast Guard, and now consist of horse and foot.

From the western side of Winchelsea, the eye ranges over Breade Level, an extent of several miles running west by north; and at about ten miles' distance, due west, lies the celebrated town of Battle, or Battel. This is a romantic view; and forms a pleasing relief to the sea view satiated eye of the pedestrian.

Before I take my leave of Winchelsea, of which I have treated so largely, but not more than the beauty and interest of the spot deserves, I beg permission to set forth in a few words, the account given of it by Eman. Bowen, a geographer, whose map of Sussex, (now rather antiquated) which is on a large scale, lies before me. I can not discover any date of its publication; but, some idea may be formed of its age, from the circumstance of Worthing not being named on its coast.

Mr. Bowen has made a note on his map; the substance of which is as follows:—

“The ancient town of Winchelsey, was swallowed up by the sea in a tempest, anno 1250, at which time the surface of the earth, both here and on the Kentish shoar was much altered. The new town was built in a regular form, but soon after was left by the sea, and lost its market and trade (which had formerly been very considerable), insomuch that the grass grows in the streets, to such a degree, that the herbage is let at 4 pounds some years.”

This statement, as far as it extends, corroborates the history of the town, as I have collected and set it forth in the foregoing pages. It is remarkable that the same place should have been ruined twice, by the same cause, working differently. The first town, which lay on the coast, was destroyed by an inundation of the sea. The next town, which stood on the hill and its vicinity, and whose remains are now standing, was ruined by the sea's recess. It now no longer returns members; and in no wise differs from a mere village; save that it retains the outline of a corporation.

Leaving Winchelsea, I passed through a village called Icklesham, and pursued my road to Hastings.

The Hastings road is charming. I left Winchelsea by a foot-way, at the rear of the town, whence is seen Breade Level above described. About five miles from Winchelsea, and three from Hastings, I arrived at a high eminence, whence I beheld the country near Hastings to the

south, and the sea on the north-east, with Pett Level, which is skirted by the Martello Towers, whose unique appearance and equidistant disposition along the shore from Fairlight to Winchelsea Castle, make a striking contrast of nature and art. Dungeness Lighthouse, which lies east-north-east, is the last visible object on the distant shore; while the eye rests on the interstitial objects of the tower of Lydd Church, and of the towns of Rye and Winchelsea. A very short distance to the east of this spot is Fairlight Church, which is an object visible from an immense distance, being on the loftiest and most exposed part of the hill bearing that name. It is not many hundred feet from the sea, and forms a landmark to mariners. To the best of my memory and judgment, the church, whose interior I once inspected, would not hold 30 people so conveniently as 20; so very small is this conspicuous edifice.

Near this part of the Hastings road, there is, to the west, a field, which has in it a mount, which I ascended. The view

from thence is *magnificent*. *Such treats* as these are *pedestrial privileges*. Those who travel in vehicles may possess the *power* of alighting, and enjoying the view which I did; but the reader will admit, that the potentiality of enjoying every view worth seeing is usually most exercised by the solitary pedestrian.

From this eminence, which raised me considerably above the spot I lately described, I viewed the interior of the country to the west and north.

The face of the country is enlivened and adorned with the spires of numerous churches: which, as they are none of them near the spot, and are of course distant from each other, argues an extensive scenery. Near this place is a cottage, called Shakspeare's cottage, which is much admired. There are also several other elegant cottages, lying a little to the north of this spot.

I proceeded across some fields; leaving the road to Hastings on my left, and the retired village of Ore on my right; and

made for the ruins of Hastings Castle. From hence I viewed the whole town; excepting those parts which lie under the cliff on which I stood. This eminence commands a noble view of the sea. The majestic ruins of Hastings Castle adorn the summit of this lofty cliff. William the Conqueror to provide a retreat and place of defence, if necessary, fortified this place, a few days after he landed at Pevensey. He showed his judgment, by possessing himself of an eminence of land; whereon he could not be surrounded; at the same time that he secured to himself a retreat by sea. The inside of this castle now forms a lounging place for subscribers.

CHAPTER XIX.

HASTINGS.

THIS place is so well known, that it is needless to say much concerning it. I will, however, say a few words.

The greater part of the town lies low ; being situated in a vale, having an amphitheatrical appearance, and being open to the sea on the south. The salubrity and mildness of the air, arising from the sheltered position of the town, render it peculiarly desirable, as a place of residence for invalids ; while the beautiful scenery, so richly diversified, and so boldly romantic in character, concur with these advantages, to make it a favourite and fashionable watering-place.

The road to Hastings from Battle is beautiful, commanding a long line of the coast, and a tract of verdant land, orna-

mented by wood, and rendered picturesque by that elegant variety of nature, hill and dale. The principal street is the High Street; on the right and left of which, lies the old town: ascending on either side up the hills, which face each other. The church on the left, upon entering the town, is very ornamental. On approximating the sea, the hills retire on either side, and the houses spread right and left on the low ground. To the left, diverge several small streets, amongst which stands a Theatre, not long built. Here, along the shore, are ranged a multitude of fishing boats, and the scene is animated by men repairing their nets or hanging them out to dry. Towards the west, fronting the sea, are the libraries, the arcade, the abodes of fashion, and the residences of opulence and ease. There is a large square, which was built a few years since, at the western extremity of the town, near the ruins of the castle. This square and its vicinity is called the Priory. Near this spot also, in front of the cliff, is a new chapel, to

which fashionable visitors for the most part resort. I am sorry to say, that in this large town, where there are two churches, so great a population, and so many poor, when I was there some years since, service was performed but once on a Sunday at each church, morning and afternoon alternately. I attended both services, when each church was crowded. The same minister, a venerable and zealous, though aged clergyman, did duty.

There is an excellent marine parade here, with an establishment of warm baths. The town has in it some good shops. There are also an arcade and bazaar, whither in the evening, company resort, to hear music, and for other entertainments.

This is the place for good fresh cheap fish, (and the largest soles I ever saw were here), which is by no means always the case at fishing towns; for in most places, the fish, as fast as they are landed, are all carted off to London. But although a great quantity of fish is thus sent off from Hastings, still there is a good supply to the

town. There are a vast number of bathing machines here, which are drawn in and out by horses; the shore being flat. The bathing here is good at certain times. The bottom here varies. There are very good sands, for the most part; but at low water the bath is on a rocky soil, which is disagreeable. It therefore depends upon the state of the tide, whether the bath be agreeable or not. But at watering-places, people usually enjoy "*otium gratum*," and can spare time to study the right hour for a good bath, and make a point of enjoying it.

There are beautiful rides and walks near Hastings. Of the road to Battle I have incidentally spoken; and shall hereafter describe that which leads to Bexhill. One road to Winchelsea has likewise been described. There is also a rural way to Winchelsea, by Fairlight, Guestling, and Pett, which terminates at Newgate. This was the ancient road. That which was first described is, I am informed, a new road.

In the romantic walks near Hastings,

the philosopher and admirer of nature may ramble with delight. The more sentimental may resort, in one another's (but no other's) company, and sit upon the "Lover's seat," exchanging looks indicating conception beyond expression; while the less successful in that way may terminate their misery by a visit to the "fish ponds."

There is also a picturesque spot, in the vicinity of Fairlight, called Fairlight Glen, in which are two Dripping Wells, so called from the circumstance of the water, wherewith they are supplied, dropping from superpendent rocks.

About two miles distant, along the western coast of Hastings, is

SAINT LEONARD'S.

This is an entirely new watering-place. It was begun to be built about 1828. It has several noble hotels; St. Leonard, the Conqueror, and the Harold. An elegant line of building faces the sea, with a capacious intervening esplanade for strollers. Here are baths for invalids, a library for

loungers, and all other usual appendages to places whither the fashionable, and those who enjoy the wealth of riches resort, to unbend from modish habits, and luxuriate in peace.

Cheerful, without bustle, and quiescent, without solitude, they enjoy the potentiality of mixing with friends, or of segregational retirement. They can sit in the library and read the news, or peruse an entertaining novel in their drawing rooms. They can ride and view the country round,

Or, stroll alone beside the sandy shore,
Watch the blue waves, and hear the breakers roar.

I observed that the cliffs at the rear of St. Leonard's were cut into an inclined plane: whereby the inhabitants will be secured from fragments of rock falling on the place; a calamity which, I am informed, has befallen the town of Hastings; part of which is built very near to the high cliff on which the ruins of the castle stand.

I saw many of the houses at St. Leonard's in progress of building in 1828. They appeared to be principally of stone,

and altogether substantial. There is a line of shops along the shore, as you enter from Hastings; but built so low, that, I conceive the view of the sea, from the drawing rooms of opposite houses would not be obstructed. I however, thought them ill placed.

At one of the hotels at St. Leonard's, is a spacious slab; being the stone on which William Duke of Normandy is said to have taken his first meal at the time of his invasion; and which I am informed, was then standing in its present situation.

About a mile westward, on the shore, there is a small place called Bo-peep; where there is a small public house, facing the sea, called the New Bank of England. On one side of the sign-board, is the figure of a man, holding a pair of scales in one hand, and a pot in the other, with the following words subscribed; "Weight and measure at Bo-peep."

A further walk of two miles and a half brought me to Bexhill, a pretty inland village, which I approached to great advan-

tage, by a foot way across some fields. At the spot, whence I branched off from the road to this field way, there stood a public house, whose landlord informed me, that the place was called Bulverhithe. Close to his house were the ruins of a Chapel, whose appearance was picturesque. I am grieved to relate that the consecrated ground, within those hallowed walls, was then used as a kitchen garden.

CHAPTER XX.

BEXHILL.

Magno discordes æthere venti
Prælia ceu tollunt, animis et viribus æquis ;
Non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit :
Anceps pugna diu, stant obnixi omnia contra.

VIRG. ÆN. x. 356.

As wintry winds contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try :
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n :
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield ;
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can :
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

DRYDEN, x. 496.

ON reaching this place, I went into the Church-yard, from the back of which I beheld Battle Abbey. By the aid of my telescope, I enjoyed a clear view of the southern side of this elegant structure. It was in the afternoon; and the sun, being

in the south-west, gilded the scene. Fields of corn, and a generally rich and fertile country, filled up the intermediate distance of five or six miles.

It was there that the valiant Harold, last of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, fought; and fighting, fell.

The following is the substance of an interesting, but brief account of this memorable battle; as compiled from the history of Rapin, and various other authorities.

“On the 14th of October, Harold’s birth-day, but much more memorable for one of the greatest events that ever happened in England, the two armies engaged. In the front of the English stood the Kentish men, a privilege they had enjoyed ever since the time of the Heptarchy. Harold placed himself in the centre, and would fight on foot, that his men might be the more encouraged, by seeing their king exposed to equal danger with the meanest soldier. The Normans were drawn up in three bodies. Montgomery and Fitz-Osborn conducted the first, Geoffrey Mar-

tel commanded the second, and the duke himself headed the body of reserve, to succour those who should most want it. The Normans began to fight, with a volley of arrows, which being shot upwards, were like a thick cloud over the heads of the foremost body of the English. As their ranks were very close, the arrows did great execution. The English not being used to this way of fighting, were at first put into some disorder. The Normans, willing to take advantage of it, vigorously attacked them. But the English, immediately falling into good order again, gave them so warm a reception, that they were obliged to draw back and take breath. Quickly after, they renewed the attack, but not with as brave a resistance as before. Neither was it in their power to break their enemy's ranks. The English choosing rather to die than to give way, and the Normans ashamed to retreat, both sides fought stoutly for a considerable time without either gaining ground. The presence of their leaders animating their

soldiers, they every where fought with equal bravery, without the least signs of advantage on either side. We may judge of the valour of the troops in both armies by the length of the fight which began at seven in the morning, and lasted till night.¹

“The fight had lasted all day, and the success was yet very uncertain, when Duke William bethought himself of a stratagem, which made victory incline to his side. This prince, who was very experienced, perceiving there was no breaking the ranks of the English, ordered his troops to retreat as they fought, as if they were discouraged, but withal, to be very careful to keep their ranks. This order being executed, the English looked upon the enemy’s retreat as the beginning of their victory. Possessed with this notion, they encouraged one another with reiterated shouts, to press the retiring enemies. Their eagerness made them break their ranks, that they might push them with the

¹ In the middle of October, on an eminence, it would be light till 6 or 7 in the evening.

greater impetuosity, imagining they were upon the point of taking to flight. Then it was, that the Normans, finding their stratagem had taken effect, stood their ground, and by a discipline they had long been used to, closed their ranks, and falling on the disordered English, made a terrible slaughter of them. Harold, enraged to see the victory, which a moment before he thought himself sure of, snatched out of his hands, used his utmost endeavours to rally his disordered troops. His labour was not altogether in vain, for at last he drew up, on a rising ground, at a distance from the field of battle, a good body of foot, which became at length very considerable, by being continually joined by the flying troops. The Duke of Normandy's victory being yet far from complete, whilst so strong a body of the English kept together, he ordered them to be attacked with great fury. But the English received them with that bravery, and the Normans lost such numbers of their men, that the fortune of the day seemed still very doubtful. The

approach of the night, and the resolution of the English, making the Duke despair of penetrating their ranks, he began to think himself conquered, since he was not entirely victorious. Probably the English army might have retreated in good order, by favour of the night, if Harold could have resolved to leave his enemy in possession of the field of battle, at a time when the loss on both sides was pretty equal. But apprehending his retreat might be prejudicial to his affairs, and derogatory to his reputation, he would maintain his post, and not give the enemy that advantage. Besides, he was in hopes of rallying his whole army during the night, and renewing the fight the next morning.

“Mean time the Duke, perceiving the night was like to rob him of the glory of a complete victory, made one effort more to drive the English from their post. In this last onset, Harold was slain by an arrow shot into his brains. His troops, disheartened at this fatal accident, began to give ground, and betake themselves to

flight. Thus Harold's death was the second thing that procured the Normans the victory, and put the English entirely to rout. They were pursued as long as day lasted; and in this pursuit it was, that a terrible slaughter was made, the conquerors killing without mercy, all they could overtake, to save the trouble of guarding the prisoners. The darkness of the night, however, saved a good part of the English army, who retreated under the conduct of Morcard and Edwin. These two Lords, who had all along firmly adhered to Harold, seeing he was slain, as well as Gurth and Lewin, his brothers, submitted at length to Providence; having given, the whole day, visible marks of their valour. This long and bloody battle cost the Duke of Normandy six thousand men; but the English lost a much greater number."

The Duke had three horses killed under him that day, without losing one drop of his blood; while the unfortunate Harold, who fought on foot, died covered with wounds.

“ The bodies of the king and his brothers being found, the conqueror sent them to Gith their mother, who gave them as honorable a burial as the circumstances of the time would permit, in Waltham Abbey, founded by the king her son.

“ Thus fell Harold, sword in hand, in defence not only of his own, but of his country's cause, against the ambition of the Duke of Normandy.

“ Thus ended in England, the empire of the Anglo-Saxons, which began about six hundred years before in the person of Hengist, the first king of Kent.”

Those who are conversant with the history of their country, after the Norman Conquest, well know that England's glory fell under the dominion of its Norman conqueror.

Need I say that Battle Abbey was built on, or hard by, the spot where the valiant Harold the Second fell, after fighting a hard field, and deserving a victory which it was not granted him to gain ?

Rapin imputes to the Conqueror that

some love of glory was mixed up with his solicitude for the peace of the departed Harold: for he says, "The victory of Hastings was too glorious for the king to neglect to transmit the memory of it to posterity. For that purpose, he laid the foundations of a church and abbey, in the very place where Harold was slain, and ordered, when they should be finished, the church to be dedicated to Saint Martin, and the monastery called Battle Abbey. Though the desire of prayers for his own and Harold's soul, was the pretence he used to make for this foundation, probably vain-glory had no less a share in it than devotion."

It is said that the high altar was set up on that very spot of ground where Harold's body was found; or, according to others, where his standard was taken up.

This was in or about the year 1067.

Not to go into the merits of the case, it is clear that the conqueror and conquered were equally valiant: and, let us hope that it was William's intention to do honour to

the memory of a fallen foe, by erecting this abbey where he fell; and (agreeably to the doctrine of the days he lived in) to procure his rival's happiness, by ordaining, that masses should continually there be sung, for the peace of the departed hero's soul.

Bexhill is a pretty village, and has a good inn near the church; but I remember nothing which pleased me, save the view of Battle Abbey from the church-yard. Leaving Bexhill, I then proceeded to Pevensey. The road to this place is rather flat; but, the magnificent ocean, a view of which is lost before entering Bexhill, and is now regained for awhile, on leaving that place, partly repays the pedestrian's toil.

The land is principally marsh-land, between Bexhill and Pevensey. Along the shore of this bay are Martello Towers, as usual in the unprotected parts of the Sussex coast, to the west of Hastings.

While traversing the shore of this bay, the grand epoch of English history, connected with the battle last described, takes possession of the thinking mind.

That Englishman, who knows the history of his country, will not tread the shore of Pevensey Bay, without having his feelings strongly excited at the remembrance of the Norman invasion.

While Harold was busied in the North, rectifying the disorders occasioned by the Norwegian invasion, the Duke of Normandy, who had long waited for a wind at St. Valery, set sail about the end of September, and had a speedy passage to Pevensey, in Sussex. It is affirmed, that in leaping ashore, he fell all along on his face; at which one of the soldiers said merrily, “ See, our Duke is taking possession of England :” which the duke took as a good omen.

Nobody appearing to oppose his landing, his first care was to run up a fort near the place where he disembarked, to favour his retreat in case of necessity. Some however will have it, that he sent his ships back to Normandy, to let his army see they had nothing to trust to but their valour. After some days’ stay at Pevensey,

he marched along the shore as far as Hastings, where he built a stronger fort than the former: resolving there to expect his enemy, of whom he had no intelligence. Inland, to the north, as you approach Pevensey, you see, at the distance of two or three miles, the small but ancient village called Wartling.

Here pause, pedestrian ;—and rest awhile
 Thy wearied limbs upon this friendly stile.
 From William's conquest, and from Harold's grave,
 Learn to sit loose to ev'ry joy you have.
 From scenes where armies fought, now turn thine eye,
 Nor grieve thy soul with thoughts of Pevensey.

ANON.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEVENSEY.

And though thought I upon Boece,
 That writeth a thought may flye so hie
 With fethirs of philosophie
 To passin everyche element ;
 And when he hath so farre ywent
 Than may ben sene behinde his backe
 Cloude, erthe, and al that I of spake.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *House of Fame*, 464.

THIS place is a mile from the sea. Here I enjoyed a view of the ruins of Pevensey Castle. It is very large, and the outer wall encloses several acres of ground (through which there is a footpath); in addition to this outer wall, there is a moat round the castle itself. There are two churches in the town, which argue that it has been a large and important place.

I dined at Pevensey, at a sorry inn, off an unsavoury meal, in a gloomy frame of

mind ; and was glad to retire, by speedily resuming my journey.

My road lay towards the sea. I arrived at the termination of Pevensey Bay ; which I conceive begins at Hastings. I did not reach the shore again, till I arrived at Eastbourne ; which place I reached about eight o'clock. There I lodged my person (the bulk of my property) at the Anchor Inn, tavern and hotel ; which is in that part of Eastbourne which is called the sea houses. Here I took tea, read the paper, and retired to repose at ten. Thus ended the third day of my pedestrious exploits.

Eastbourne is a straggling place : extending two miles, and consisting of four distinct parts, viz. Eastbourne town, where the church is ; Medes ; South-street ; and the Sea-houses. The fashionable part is about two miles inland, where I observed some handsome houses ; which I viewed from a distance, as I ascended the South Downs, in the vicinity of Beachy Head, next morning.

Beachy Head is the southernmost point of land, in the county of Sussex; and is therefore a point to which coasting ships will sail as nearly as possible. It is two or three miles from Eastbourne.

The road from Eastbourne to Seaford is majestic. The South Downs are sublime sweeping hills, rising and declining in elegant irregularity of gigantic hill and dale. Here you look up a vast inclined plane, a mile in length; there you look down into a dell. Here your view is obstructed by a barrier of hills; there you peep, through a valley, at distant country. Now, on a summit, you pause, with wondrous delight, and command a view of the British Channel, and of the navigating craft.

On the road to Seaford, I passed through one or two retired villages; but, for the most part, I saw little else than Downs.

On the Downs, walking is very agreeable, the pedestrian enjoying his walk on a short smooth turf, for two-thirds of the

way, which is very refreshing when the feet are tender and blistered.

On these hills abound sheep of a peculiar kind, called from the country "South Down" sheep; their noses and legs are black, their size moderate. I saw an immense flock in one place.

I noticed one sheep which was lying on its back, and struggling to get on its legs; when another sheep, observing its situation, approached it, put its head under it, and raised it up, so that it regained its legs. This may appear to some too trifling to record, and the mention of it may seem puerile; but when the pedestrian is left to traverse miles in silent solitude, and the mind becomes unusually tranquil, and is purified from the affectations of modish life, it is more ductile by every feeling of kindness, more ready to sympathize with every thing that has a capacity to suffer, and more fully enjoys the potentiality of felicitation, at seeing a small inconvenience terminated, or a trifling comfort communicated.

A learned, though I lament to say, a lax reverend author, has never, I believe, been blamed for that part of his writings, wherein he extended his narrative to the fact of his having gazed for some time at an aged man labouring under a gust of irrational grief. The reverend author represented him as holding a morsel of his own food against the bit of his deceased ass's bridle. And I pity that man, whose philosophy is so sternly inflexible, as not to permit his softer feelings the licence of momentary satisfaction, at the relation of one dumb animal assisting another in the hour of need.

I should scarcely expect aid, in the hour of need, from the disciple of such frigid philosophy.

Descending from the Downs, I arrived at

SEAFORD,

a pretty place on the coast; but I made no minute of any thing remarkable here, except the abundance of the prawns, which added much to my enjoyment of a hearty breakfast.

Proceeding along a flat shore, I next reached

NEWHAVEN,

a small seaport, three or four miles distant from Seaford. There is a wooden pier, on each side of the haven, which projects a short distance into the sea. The town is at the west side of the haven, and stands on rising ground, the hills of the South Downs recommencing here. In 1828 the *Hyperion* frigate lay in the haven. I saw about 100 men engaged in removing an immense iron chain.

This vessel was the station of Captain Mingay, who commanded the *Sussex* blockade. I observed that part of the shore on the eastern side of the haven, near the pier, was strewed with scuttle-fish, many of which were more perfect than I remember to have seen at any other time. A lad ferried me across the haven, the current of which was very strong, by dexterously using one oar only at the stern of the boat. Newhaven appeared a genteel clean little place.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was in this famouse contree
 Bóld English Barons made them free ;
 And if Historians do not lese,
 Bounde thir Kinge Henry kepe the pece.

ANON.

PASSING through Newhaven, I regained the South Downs, which continue thence all the way to Brighton ; and enjoyed from them a fine view of Lewes, which lies about seven miles to the north of Newhaven, and the same distance to the north-east of Brighton.

Lewes appeared from where I stood to lie low ; which is partly the case, the town standing on unequal ground. It has several churches, and there stands, in the midst of the town, a large castle.

The Geographer, Emanuel Bowen, in

his remarks on Lewes, states that it stands high. This is partially correct ; but a great portion of the town lies low, which the reader will clearly perceive, when he hears that it is an old sea-port, and that the Ouse runs through it.

Lewes is a chief town in Sussex, and the assizes are sometimes held there. It is also a place of interest, by reason of a memorable battle fought there ; which I will relate, after giving a topographic detail, as furnished by Emanuel Bowen.

“Lewes (says Bowen) is one of the principal towns in the county, for largeness and number of inhabitants. It stands upon a rising ground, and consists of six parishes, in which are many gentlemen’s seats, whose gardens join to each other. It is a sea-port, at the distance of eight miles, on the river Ouse, which runs through the middle of the town. Here are several iron works, in which they make guns for the merchants’ service. This town is famous for a bloody battle, fought between King Henry the Third and the

Barons, headed by Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, wherein the king was defeated. From a windmill, belonging to, and near this town, is a prospect of so large an extent, as is hardly to be equalled in Europe; for you may see the sea westward, at 30 miles' distance, and eastward there's an uninterrupted view to Bansted Downs, in Surrey, which is 40 miles."

Henry the Third, having solemnly sworn to observe the two charters, and having broken his engagements, incurred wars with his barons. The following is an account of one of the battles between Henry and his vindictive nobles; in which the perjured monarch was defeated, and became the prisoner of his offended subjects.

On the 14th of May, 1264, all negotiations for peace failing, through the animosity of both parties, nothing was thought of but a battle; of which Rapin gives the following account.

"The Earl of Leicester advancing with his army, drew it up in order of battle, near the king's, who was preparing to re-

ceive him. The royal army was divided into three bodies; of which that on the right was commanded by Prince Edward; the King of the Romans was on the left; and Henry himself headed the main body. The Barons' army was divided into four bodies. The first was led by Henry de Montfort, the general's son; the Earl of Gloucester commanded the second; the third, wholly consisting of Londoners, was on the left, commanded by Nicholas Segrave; the fourth was headed by the Earl of Leicester. The two armies being thus drawn up, Prince Edward began the fight, with attacking the Londoners, who not being able to stand so vigorous a charge, immediately took to their heels. As the Prince was animated with a desire of revenging the affront done to the Queen his mother, by the London mob, he pursued them above four miles, without giving them quarter. But this revenge cost him dear. Whilst he pursued his victory, with more eagerness than discretion, the Earls of Leicester and Gloucester,

gained the same advantage over Henry and the King of the Romans. The Barons, being sensible what their lot would be, in case they were vanquished, attacked with a desperate fury the royal troops, who had not the same reason to fight with that animosity, accordingly they took to flight, after a faint resistance, leaving the two Kings in the hands of their enemies. Henry surrendering himself to the Earl of Leicester, and Richard to the Earl of Gloucester, were conducted to the Priory of Lewes, situated at the foot of the Castle, which was guarded by some of the king's troops. To this place the soldiers of the royal army fled, in order to retire into the Castle. But when they saw the town in the power of the Barons, the two Kings made prisoners, and in all appearance themselves going to be surrounded, they threw down their arms, and surrendered at discretion.

Meantime, Prince Edward, who was returning in triumph from the pursuit of the Londoners, was extremely surprised

to see the royal army dispersed, and to hear the two Kings were prisoners. His first thoughts were to exert his utmost to free them. If this resolution could have been immediately executed, it would have infallibly changed the face of affairs. The conquerors, employed in guarding their prisoners, or dispersed in pursuit of the flying enemy, would have found it difficult to withstand a vigorous attack. But the Prince's soldiers, dismayed at the defeat of the rest of the army, and the captivity of the two Kings, showed no inclination to renew a fight, which to them seemed too unequal. This fear, which all Edward's solicitations could not overcome, made him lose so fair an opportunity, wherein, very probably, he would have gained great reputation. Meanwhile, the Earl of Leicester drew his army together again, with all possible expedition. At first, he thought only of defending himself, justly dreading to be attacked in his present disorder; but when he saw he had time to rally his troops, his only concern was to

hinder the prince from escaping. To that end, he sent him proposals to amuse him, whilst by several detachments, he took care to prevent his retreat."

This affair, the reader may remember, was terminated by the King and the Barons entering into articles called the Mise, or the agreement of Lewes, for the performance of which, Edward submitted to be a hostage with his cousin Henry, son to the King of the Romans, till all things were settled by authority of Parliament.

Passing through

ROTTENDEAN,

which is a small place, with a few good houses, I reached Brighthelmstone, commonly called

BRIGHTON,

about seven o' clock; and took up my quarters at the Sea-House Hotel (*olim* Ship in Distress), on the West Cliff.

Brighton appears to have been once

called Brighthelmsted ; for there was a small place on the coast of Sussex so named ; and it appears to have been the same which is now called Brighthelmstone or Brighton. If that be so, Brighton is particularly interesting ; being the spot from whence King Charles II^d. escaped out of this country in 1651, after the battle of Worcester. His perils and escape are thus described by Rapin.

“ After two months great fatigues, after infinite dangers escaped, after a great part of the kingdom traversed, from Worcester to the county of Sussex, he embarked and safely arrived in Normandy the 22^d of October. The curious are referred to the Earl of Clarendon, who from the mouth of the king himself, has given a circumstantial account of the means of his escape, and the adventures in his flight.”

A note in Rapin's History of England, states that the king went in a little bark from Brighthelmsted, a small fisher town in Sussex.

As soon as I had dined, I paid my re-

spects to the late authoress of "Individuality," to whom I had the honour and pleasure to be nearly related. I took tea and spent the evening with that excellent lady, and forgetting my fatigues, did not withdraw from her conversation till eleven; when I returned to my hotel, and retired to enjoy that repose, which my long rambles made very grateful.

To describe Brighton would conflict with what I have prefaced. To those, however, who have never been there, or read an account of the place, I will simply observe, that it is a place of fashionable resort, rather than of retirement. The Pavilion, where his Majesty resides, is a *sui generis* or unique, Palace. It is well worth seeing. The chain pier is a work of art; and forms a pleasant promenade on a summer evening. The setting sun is to be seen from thence to great advantage. Kemptown is an immense range of building on the East Cliff, by no means crowded with inhabitants. The West Cliff is more agreeable to my

taste ; and being less elevated above the sea, is preferred by those who enjoy being near it. Here are esplanades and pleasant walks on turf, which has been laid near the shore, for the purposes of ornament and comfort. There are also bathing machines on this part of the shore.

The shore here is bold, and covered with shingles ; which often renders bathing dangerous. But there is a circular bath of large dimensions, supplied from the sea, by machinery ; wherein swimmers may indulge, if the sea be tempestuous.

The Devil's Dyke, near Brighton, is worth going to see. It is about six miles to the north-west of Brighton. From hence is seen Lewes, at a distance of about seven miles. The village of Poynings lies close under the spot. The prospect to the north, extends as far as Ryegate, which is full thirty miles distant. To the south, the eye ranges over the Downs on which the spectator is standing ; and to the south-west about twelve miles distant, is seen Worthing ; between which place and

Brighton, are Lancing, Shoreham Harbour, and Hove. A variety of windmills and gentlemen's seats enliven and adorn the scene. The Downs appear spangled with sheep, which graze in large flocks. I have observed concerning these sheep, that the whole flock usually look in one direction, and that direction appeared to me to depend on the wind.

The peculiarity of the view from the Devil's Dyke, appears to me to be this. The spectator stands at the northern extremity of the South Downs. This part in particular, is very high above the level of the country to the north; which presents to the view a variety of villages, spires, &c., and there is a rich sweeping descent in some parts almost perpendicular, from this spot, where the spectator stands, to the plains below. The Devil's Dyke is a steep descent near this spot. The object of attraction is the extensive view of romantic scenery; which amply repays the admirer of the beauties of nature, who makes a journey thither.

There is a good théâtre here. There are also many coaches, into one of which the author placed himself, and was conveyed to his abode near the metropolis in safety.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Os homini sublime dedit; cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

OVID. MET. I. 85.

To man, th' Almighty gave a noble mien,
Ordaining him to view the Heav'n serene;
To stand erect, and, with uplifted eyes,
Discern his glorious title to the skies.

ANON.

As I journeyed home, I pondered on the conversation which I had enjoyed with my distinguished relative. She had descanted largely on the pleasures and advantages of travel and society; on the beauties of rural scenery, and on works of art; the sublime ocean, and the ships which glide o'er its bosom; man's thirst for knowledge, and love of novelty; the destruction or decay of places, and the short career of man, or the mental imbecility and corpo-

real decrepitude of his old age, when his days are but “labour and sorrow.”

We are often charmed, (continued the authoress of Individuality,) with what we do not understand; our heads are filled with human theories, which often prove fallacious; or with great labour, we acquire knowledge and art, the vanity whereof will be painfully ascertained, when, like autumnal leaves, they fade away, as the winter of old age approaches.

That mind must nevertheless be filled with awe and wonder, which contemplates the rise and fall of cities, the great changes in the face of nature, and the mortality of man. “All this is wonderful;” but, wondering is not the “way to grow wise.”

It is but a few years since this pious Christian lady thus expressed herself. It is but a few weeks since the author of these pages followed her mortal remains to the silent tomb!

“Omnibus illud nobis commune est iter. Quid fata deflemus? Non reliquit illa nos, sed antecessit.”

SENECA, *de Consolatione*.

MORTUA EST, MARTHA ANNA, EHEU!

If things inexplicable have such charm—
 If theories of time the bosom warm—
 Let those of vast eternity engage—
 The theorem of Revelation's page!
 Is knowledge pleasant? Take it from this fount,
 And prove incalculable the amount.
 Possess the sight, that seeing can perceive;
 The hearing ears, that listen and believe;
 The understanding nerve for medium clear;
 The aspiration fervent; sigh sincere;
 The heart for gratitude; the voice for praise;
 The prayer which faith and love will ever raise.

INDIVIDUALITY, p. 56

Sapiens ad FINEM spectat.

Vale, Lector!